VOL. CCVIII, No. 2713

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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 9, 1952
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The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

In this Issue—

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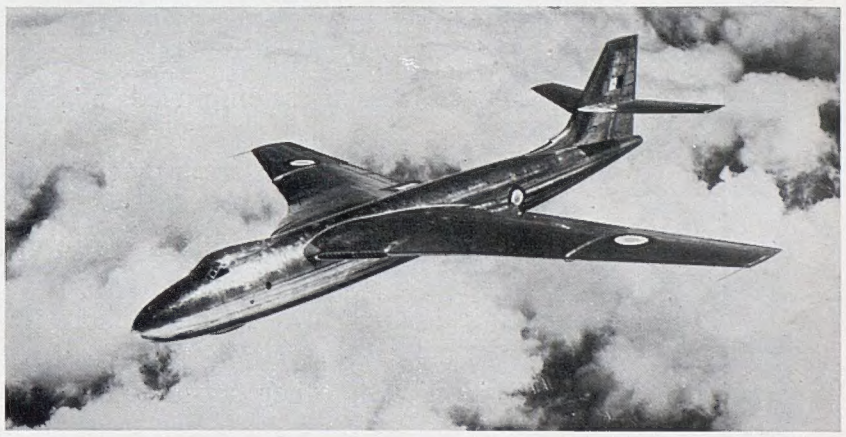

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CHLORINE

A HUNDRED years ago in Great Britain typhoid fever and cholera were common water-borne diseases. To-day cholera is unknown and an outbreak of typhoid makes front page news. This improvement in public health reflects the unremitting care of all concerned with water purification. Of the major defence measures employed against pollution and disease, sterilisation by chlorine is one of the most important. Chlorine is a very active chemical which in nature is found only in combination with other substances, from which it must be isolated. The best known of these is common salt in which chlorine is combined with sodium. The passing of an electric current through salt splits it into its constituent elements and releases chlorine in the form of a greenish-yellow gas, which is dried and liquefied and so made available for ready transport all over the world.

I.C.I. are large manufacturers of chlorine as well as producers of the salt from which it is obtained. In addition to having many uses as a sterilising agent, chlorine is an important raw material. Textiles, petrol, dyestuffs, paper, medicines, insecticides, anæsthetics and dry-cleaning fluids all need chlorine at some stage in their manufacture.

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Volume CCVIII No. 2713

The SPHERE, London, February 9, 1952

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PRINCE SALIM MEETS THE PRINCESS IN NAIROBI—THIS AFRICAN CHILD, SO NAMED BECAUSE HE WAS BORN ON THE SAME DAY AS PRINCE CHARLES, APPEARED BEFORE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TO PRESENT THE BOUQUET WHICH HE IS SEEN HOLDING BEHIND HIS BACK : This incident took place at the Pumwani African Maternity Hospital in Nairobi, which the Royal visitors saw on their first day in the Kenyan capital.

Last week Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh (as recorded on pages 214-15 of this issue) set out by airliner on their second Royal tour together—a tour taking them to the colony of Kenya and afterwards to Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, three of the great countries of the Commonwealth. From the bitter cold of a London winter to the brilliant warmth of a Kenyan summer's day was the contrast which they met in the space of twenty-four hours between the moment of take-off at London Airport and the moment they landed at the R.A.F. field at Eastleigh, Nairobi. A tremendous reception awaited the Royal tourists at Eastleigh, and the blend of native and European costume, a mixture of the formal and the barbaric, provided another striking contrast. Members of no fewer than thirty different tribes were gathered in Nairobi for the Royal visit, including the elders and warriors of the once-warlike Masai. On the first two days Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh fulfilled a heavy programme of public engagements, on one occasion parting company in order to tour different hospitals. Last Sunday they arrived at Sagana Hunting Lodge, Nyeri, for a short rest before embarking in the *Gothic* for Ceylon. Further pictures taken in Kenya will be found on pages 190-193.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE TRANSPORT MINISTER AT NORTHOLT

AT THE CONTROLS OF ONE OF B.E.A.'s NEW ELIZABETHAN-CLASS AIRCRAFT : The Rt. Hon. J. S. Maclay (left), Minister of Civil Aviation and Transport, and Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, chairman of B.E.A., seated in the pilot's and co-pilot's seats. Lord Douglas showed the Minister round the Northolt maintenance base and various aircraft.

REUNION OF THE GOOSSENS FAMILY

A BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON IN LONDON : Members of the celebrated Goossens family met recently to celebrate the eighty-fifth birthday of Eugene Goossens II. From left to right are Norman Millar, husband of Sidonie Goossens and manager of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra ; Leslie Goossens, wife of Leon Goossens ; Eugene Goossens III, conductor of Sydney Symphony Orchestra ; Eugene Goossens II ; Sidonie Goossens, the harpist ; Leon Goossens, the oboeist ; and Marie Goossens, of the London Symphony Orchestra. Eugene Goossens II, who was born at Bruges in 1867, was the son of Eugene Goossens I (1845-1906), who for ten years was conductor with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The son followed the father with Carl Rosa.

PRIVATE SPEAKMAN, V.C., COMES HOME

WELCOMED BY THE MAYOR OF HIS HOME TOWN : Private William Speakman, who won the V.C. with the King's Own Scottish Borderers during an infantry engagement in the Korean campaign, seen being greeted by Councillor Warren, Mayor of Altrincham, when he arrived at Lyncham Aerodrome, Wilts. Later Private Speakman journeyed to Altrincham, where 15,000 people welcomed him. Two bands, Army cadets and members of the British Legion marched in the parade, and 5,000 schoolchildren, given a half-holiday, led the cheering. It was announced last week that Speakman would come to London at the end of February and would be decorated by the King.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Royal Mission.—With none of the lyric brevity of the Poet Laureate nor the inspiration induced by his butt of Malmsey wine, I wish God-speed to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh on the first stage of their long journey beneath the Southern Cross. This is a progress which in modern reigns has become part of the education for kingship of heirs to the throne, a first-hand acquaintance with the personalities, institutions and conditions of the sister-nations and the Colonial peoples. When the Princess returns, she will have seen quite a lot of practically all these lands and races, which to-day make up the Commonwealth, as did her predecessors. Except for some unforeseeable accident, their mission is already assured of success, since success must attend the meetings of people who really want to see each other ; where there is infinite good will and sympathy on both sides. The Royal visitors are in every sense, and ideally, a "happy pair." They smile from the heart and not from the lips. They speak in the same way. It is so that a felicitous manner and a felicitous phrase are produced ; good manners are the children of simplicity and kindly sympathy. And grace and charm come from the practice of good manners so derived. There is something peculiarly pleasant to us in our dingy austerity and drab surroundings to follow these young people with their youthful entourage, delighting the Commonwealth with their dazzling smiles, gay laughs and pretty clothes. If they represent in that respect something which is not the England of to-day, they certainly represent us as a nation in essentials, albeit those essentials are to-day drably hidden. We are not old, nor decayed, nor tired out. We only wait for a day when we too shall laugh and be glad and serene and beautiful and happy as the day is long. We have it in us still.

A Fateful Session.—When the weather is unusually hot, cold, wet or dry, it is our modern habit to headline it as a record for a century or so. Therefore it is not a great exaggeration by our standards to claim that this new Session of Parliament is as fateful as any in our modern history. Indeed, before this note sees print, it will have opened up its battery of sensations. It is a Session fateful politically and economically. England, the Commonwealth, Europe and the Western bloc face dangers innumerable within and without. Bankruptcy stares us in the face, sterling is in acute danger, hunger and unemployment are possibilities. The Near East is aflame, the Far East is hardly less so, Russia is as frightful and sphinx-like as ever, and the last hope, U.N.O. and its off-shoots, cannot be said to be coping very well with the avalanche or burning lava stream. We shall hear in statements and in answers to questions many things to our disadvantage, and must take on trust that some of them may be to our ultimate advantage. We shall hear of the "scandal" of promised economies not yet achieved —from redundant pool-chauffeurs to far mightier examples of shameful waste. We shall hear of big schemes for retrenchment, and bitter criticism that they are panic or partial expedients, and quite certainly we shall all suffer at once. What Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden will tell us about their talks in America will interest us (we hope) as much as our backyard privations. For if this Parliamentary Session fails to arouse in us a new and tardy and vivid interest in world politics, I think it will be good-bye to England as a political leader and influence, and a long farewell to all our greatness. And if we are to awaken again to greatness and sense, the attitude of the Opposition will be an important factor in that. If Labour proves petty and party-coloured and provincial in debate, half the nation will follow suit and we shall "go down" not fighting but playing.

What the Butler Saw.—Mr. Butler's Budget instalment was sombre, and was, appropriately, delivered about as unemotionally as a summing-up by Mr. Justice Humphreys at the Old Bailey. He avoided oratorical flourishes and party scores, and he succeeded in impressing the House. Because this instalment cannot inspire the necessary confidence at home or abroad until the Budget proper fills in the chinks, the second instalment is to be released exceptionally seven weeks earlier than intended, on March 4. It is a sombre reflection that middle-aged men have probably never yet heard a Budget statement of which the taxpayer had "Great Expectations" ; never heard one which was not a "Bleak House." As a fact, we may perhaps feel relief. We expected worse and are left to hope that the measures proposed are sufficient to stop the rot for the moment. It only tells us what the Government can and will do. What the nation is prepared on its side to do is left to each individual, and remains in the air. If we go on asking for wage increases and more holidays with pay, and continue to be more interested in circuses than bread-winning, Mr. Butler's remedies won't go far. There, indeed, a little more pep and oratory might have been justified. I still hope for a Churchillian call to the sleepers to awake and a rallying cry to the nation to work harder and economise more, from Whitehall to the parish council, from the pits to the pinnacle. As a nation, we haven't even now begun to wake up and comprehend our danger. I don't recall that we have had a single 100 per cent. appeal to national greatness since Eden called for the L.D.V. and Churchill ordered us to fight on the beaches in 1940. We have been left to do the right thing in the "democratic way," and our democratic way has proved an utter failure. Mr. Butler has seen some of our dangers and tried to find some remedies, but he hasn't provided against the danger of another year or two of public apathy.

Party First.—A chill wind raised by the Opposition in the economic debate on the Socialist amendment blew from Westminster and numbed me. The Socialists have elected to make Party capital out of the crisis, and Mr. Attlee himself set the course. Mr. Bevan, of course, was to the fore, some said in search of the party leadership. Mr. Attlee's choice of the phrase "Class legislation" struck me as curiously unworthy of a member of the Order of Merit and a Companion of Honour. I thought his

THE SWEDISH CONSULATE IN CAIRO IS SET ON FIRE BY RIOTERS : This rooftop picture shows smoke rising from the Consulate, which was one of many important buildings attacked and set on fire during the recent rioting in Cairo. The rioters at first concentrated on British business premises but as the frenzy rose discrimination between nationalities was lost sight of. Other pictures appear on pages 216-17 of this issue.

party claimed to have produced a classless society. If it be an empty claim, which class is to-day the underdog class? The skilled worker and the worker in the vital industries earning £10 a week upwards or the parson and the pensioner earning £9 a week downwards? On which class will fall heaviest the temporary health charges? If you need proof, drive round and note where the television masts rear their ugly heads. Or "count them on the road" to the big football grounds. This country is in a hideous jam, and not even Bevan could disguise that awful truth. But, if it is to be saved, no new sacrifice must be called for from the type of "worker" who is under *his* wing and there must be no interference in the Opposition's right and duty to catch any remaining wobbling votes against the next election. For my part I believe that the solid core of Labour and the solid anti-Socialist core are alike incapable of conversion by persuasion or by revelation; and since they are about equal and represent 90 per cent. of the voters, we are likely to remain governed for decades by nip-and-tuck majorities. If that be so, Party propaganda in Parliament is futile as well as small-minded.

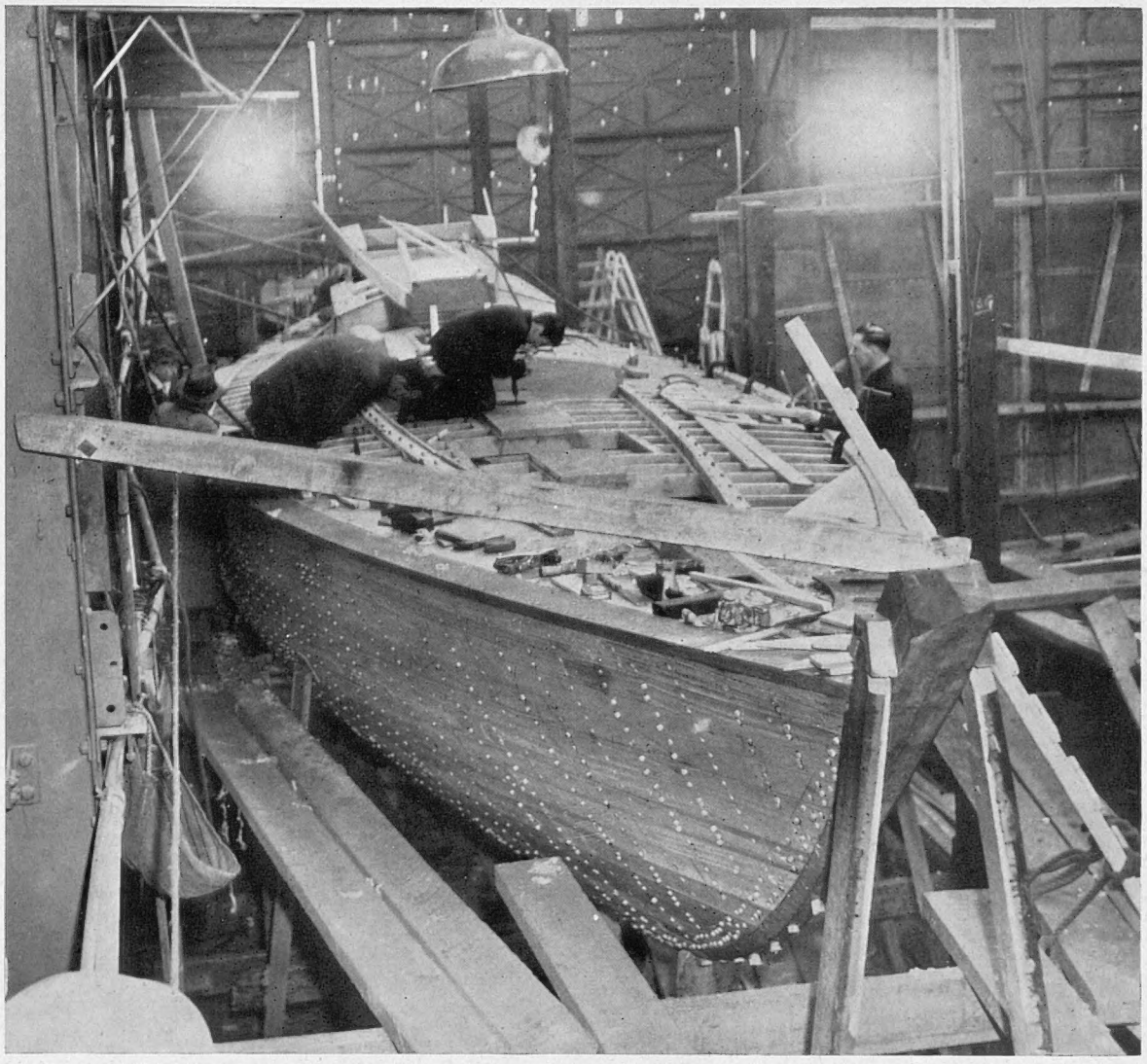
Minister of Defence.—Good men are rare, and when accepted as such, it is our custom to recognise their merit by every means. Especially is it true of soldiers. Lord Alexander's left breast is proof of it. He is a K.G., a Grand Cross of the principal orders of knighthood, C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., Privy Councillor, Earl and Minister of Defence. Macbeth got on no quicker before he entertained King Duncan. Lord Alexander is still fairly young—a mere sixty, and if there is anything left to win, has plenty of time to win it. Plenty of time for an O.M. and a Marquisate. A soldier is not always a good Minister—Kitchener was an uneasy colleague in World War One. But Lord Alexander is not at all like Kitchener. He has very remarkable tact and some of the outstanding qualities of Eisenhower in dealing with the jealousies and disputes of commanders in the field. He is, moreover, Mr. Churchill's blue-eyed boy. For my part, I am glad that in this time of very warlike peace we have at the head of military affairs two professional soldiers versed in modern technique. Haldane was a good War Minister, but he looked more like a divine or a professor, and it is possible that, had he appeared more warlike outwardly, he would have impressed the Prussian more at a vital time. Alexander bears his blushing war honours thick upon him, and the lapse of time has not let them fade. A continuous spate of war memoirs has helped to keep them fresh.

The Bridge at Bury.—There are always critics of nationalisation who question whether public services are as safe and efficient and well ordered as under private ownership. Are the railways as safe, as punctual, as well-tended as they were? Are we better served for light and heating, and so on? When we travel by train, we still hear the tappers tapping the wheels and observe the familiar safety precautions at rural stations. Statistics, I believe, do not show that the extraordinary degree of immunity from fatal accidents so long enjoyed by the railways has been lowered in recent years, and yet there is a general feeling that all departments of railway efficiency are not as meticulously maintained as they were. Economic conditions, no doubt, are a cause of deterioration in cleanliness, punctuality and travellers' comfort as they are of increased fares and freight charges. But no excuses can possibly justify any shade of relaxation in safety precautions. Rightly or wrongly, the jury at Bury judged that the collapsed bridge which caused a serious accident recently had not been examined with adequate care for far too long, back before the days of nationalisation, perhaps. It remains to say that nationalisation of any service, whatever the temporary economic conditions, cannot be justified unless precaution for the safety and health of the nation served is more than maintained. It must be improved and constantly under review for further improvement. There is, indeed, a mild anxiety abroad that many precautions on the railways have not been maintained at the highest level in the last few years. There have been instances of carelessness almost amounting to recklessness and of lack of supervision.

Farouk and Nahas.—A son and heir sometimes has a sobering effect on a married man. It provides him with an urge to perpetuate his own dynasty, to hand on to his son what he inherited. It is possible that King Farouk has been affected in some sort by the birth of an heir. It is certain that a man as shrewd as he at last has seen the dangers of Nahas' recklessly intransigent policy. To be pushed by a mob is the negation of statesmanship. To be servant to a hot-head section is certain doom to a first Minister. If that mob be of "Egyptian student" mentality, the doom is swift. For with monkeys and baboons, destruction is all, and the easier and safer the better. If they find it harder to beat up a Briton, they turn to beating up their own people. Nahas had brought Egypt to a state of great danger. Even Mossadeq is perhaps beginning to comprehend that politics played without any rules or civilised conventions cannot long pay; that world opinion cannot for ever be disregarded without invincible force behind the aggressor, military and economic, and that brigandage is a firebrand which ignites in every direction. So it has proved in Egypt, and the throne of the Pharaohs quite certainly is less safe than it was when Farouk married Queen Narriman and went on his fantastic honeymoon. Let us hope that the Crown Prince of Upper Egypt may play his part from his cradle in saving the bacon of his Dynasty and the peace of the Near East.

THE OLD STAGER

LLOYDS BUILD AN OCEAN-RACING YACHT FOR THE BERMUDA RACE



A BRITISH RACING YACHT IN THE MAKING: Work in progress on the 33-ton ocean racing yacht which Lloyds, the underwriters, are building at Camper and Nicholson's Gosport yard. The yacht will be competing, as one of the main British entries, in the 650-mile New York to Bermuda race next June. It is expected that the launching will take place next month. In May Mr. A. J. Whittall, Commodore of Lloyds' Yacht Club, will ship the boat and a ten-man crew to New York for a month's working-out. The yacht, whose name is as yet undisclosed, is being built to American Cruising Club standards, which differ from the British, but it will also be suitable for racing under the Royal Ocean Club rules. Firms and individual members of Lloyds subscribed to the £20,000 it will cost to build the vessel.

STANDARDISING AIRCRAFT OF THE COMMONWEALTH NATIONS

HASTINGS AIRCRAFT FOR THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE: Sir Frederick Handley Page speaking during a ceremony at Radlett, Hertfordshire, when the first of four Hastings four-engine military transport aircraft built by the Handley Page company for New Zealand was handed over to Mr. S. G. Holland, the New Zealand Prime Minister, who is seen on the extreme right. With them on the platform is Air Commodore C. E. Kay, Air Officer Commanding, R.N.Z.A.F. Headquarters in London. Sir Frederick, who handed the first aircraft's log books to Mr. Holland, said the Hastings would be the first R.N.Z.A.F. large transports. They were the latest type Hastings, with more powerful Bristol Hercules engines, and were about 20 miles an hour faster than the version in service with the R.A.F. Transport Command. Mr. Holland said the R.N.Z.A.F. was trying to co-operate as closely as it could with the R.A.F., and it was now buying similar equipment. These long-range transports would enable them to keep in touch with New Zealanders everywhere. "Where Britain goes, New Zealand goes," the New Zealand Prime Minister said, "Wherever Britain is in difficulty you will find New Zealanders."

THE B.O.A.C. AIRLINER REACHES EASTLEIGH AIRPORT, NAIROBI, AFTER COMPLETING THE FLIGHT FROM LONDON AIRPORT VIA EL ADEM, LIBYA, WHERE A HALT WAS MADE TO REFUEL AND TO CHANGE CREWS: As the Argonaut touched down at Nairobi it raised a vast dust-cloud, signalling to the Kenyan capital that the Royal tour had begun. When this picture was taken the Princess and the Duke were walking across the airport to inspect the guard of honour. In the foreground are seen the members of the African population who turned up to greet the Royal tourists, while members of the European population are on the other side of the airport.

The Royal Tour in Kenya

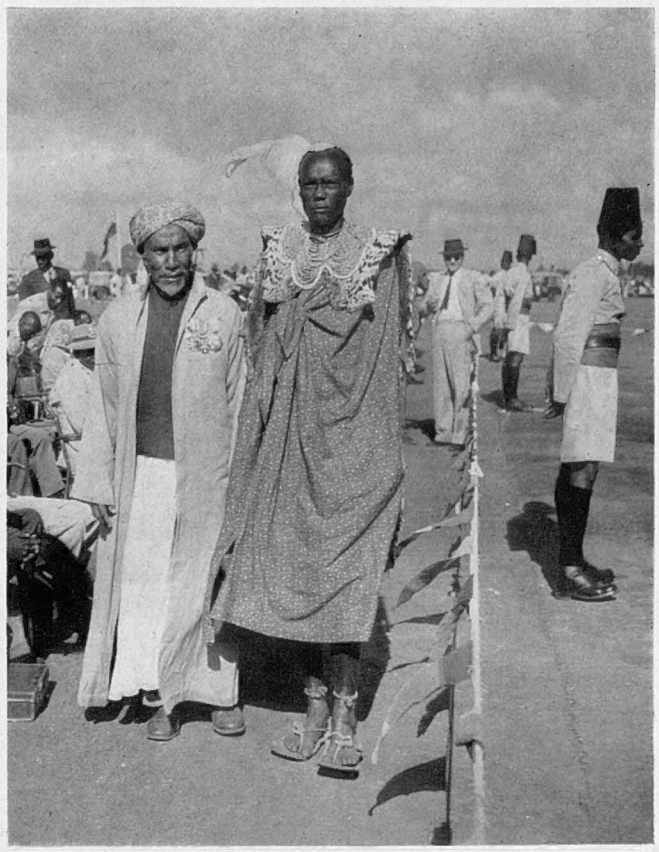
ON THE FIRST DAY IN NAIROBI

WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE AIRPORT AND DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE CITY

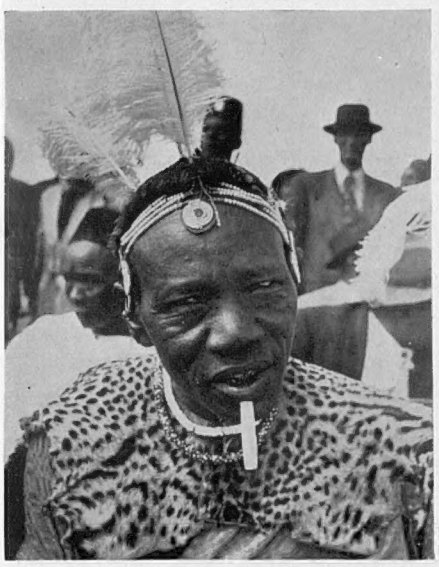
WALKING ACROSS EASTLEIGH AIRFIELD, NAIROBI: Princess Elizabeth walking towards the guard of honour followed by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Princess was wearing a hyacinth silk dress and jacket decorated with large, white coin spots. As she left the aircraft a great cheer went up.

OSTRICH FEATHERS AND LIONS' MANES WORN BY AFRICAN CHIEFS WHO ASSEMBLED AT EASTLEIGH AIRPORT, NAIROBI, TO GREET THE ROYAL VISITORS: Over thirty tribes were represented, but not all the chiefs were clad so resplendently. Some wore bowlers.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SHAKES HANDS WITH AN AFRICAN LEADER: The Duke wore white naval uniform and the sash of the Garter



AMONG THE 400 AFRICAN CHIEFS WHO GATHERED AT EASTLEIGH AIRPORT TO GREET THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE : *Left*—Lokari, Chief of the Suks, and Sheikh Abdul Hamed Kitade seen together with other chiefs in their enclosure at the airport. *Right*—Sheikh Abdul and the Suk chief walking through the enclosure, the latter a resplendent figure in beads and leopard-skin. The towering chiefs of the Turkana and Suk, who had trekked hundreds of miles to be present at the airport, were the most striking figures. Chief Pelipel, of the Turkana, wore ostrich feathers and the breast feathers of pelicans fixed into clay on his head.



CHIEFS OF THE SUK AND THE MASAI : *Left*—A Chief of the Suk wears a strange horn-shaped fixture on his chin. *Right*—The tribal chief of the Masai wears a head-dress of beads. The Masai for long had the reputation of being the most warlike tribe in East Africa. Now they live in a special reserve in the region of Nairobi.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVES AT THE LADY GRIGG MATERNITY HOSPITAL : The Princess is being greeted by the Mayor. Work on the completion of the hospital was going on up to the last minute. The patients, drawn from other hospitals, had only moved in at 8 a.m. on the morning of the Royal visit.

TWO MORE ASPECTS OF A CROWDED DAY : *Left*—The Royal tourists driving along streets lined with cheering citizens. The drive skirted Nairobi's African residential district but cut across part of the Asian residential area. *Right*—Princess Elizabeth signing the visitors' book at the Pumwani Hospital. At this hospital the Princess showed much interest in the training of African midwives, and she was told that a number of those now learning at Pumwani would later be sent to other parts of Africa.

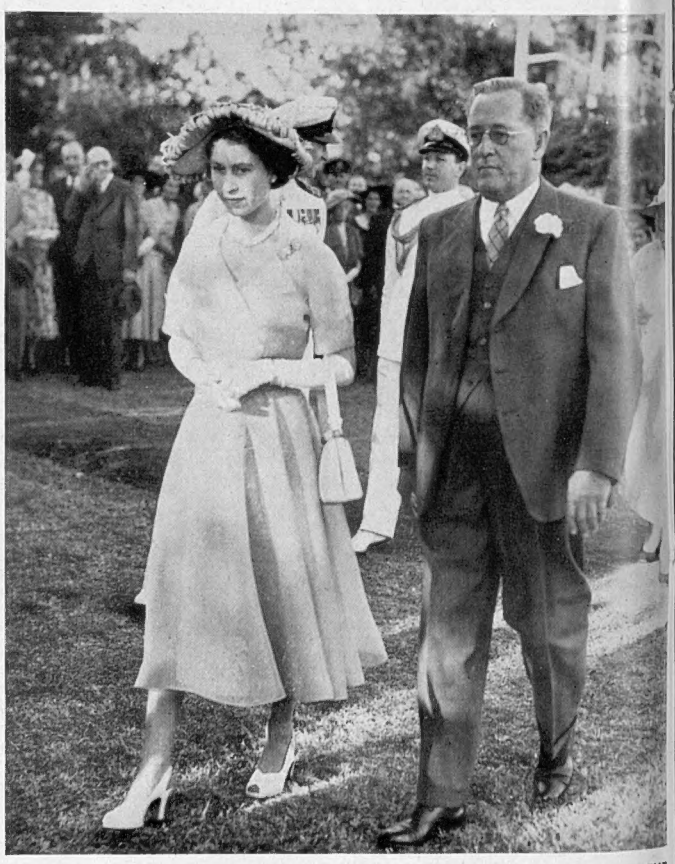
THE GARDEN PARTY HELD IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE ROYAL VISIT: Although the temperature was 80 degrees, there was a pleasant breeze, and one eye-witness described the scene as almost English in atmosphere. There were about 2,800 guests, and there was a dramatic contrast in dress, tribal chiefs in leopard and monkey skins, with bells round their legs, mingling with Englishwomen dressed as if for Ascot. After touring the lawns of Government House, where a number of introductions were made, the Royal party returned to the terrace steps, where the band of the King's African Rifles beat Retreat while the Royal Standard and the Union Jack of Kenya were slowly lowered. So ended a memorable first day in the capital of the East African colony.

The Royal Tour in Kenya

THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE IN NAIROBI

THE GARDEN PARTY ON THE FIRST DAY FULFILLING A CROWDED PROGRAMME ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE VISIT

PRINCESS ELIZABETH RECEIVES FROM MR. W. K. HORNE, SPEAKER OF THE KENYA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, THE KEY AND TITLE DEEDS OF ROYAL LODGE: This presentation was made at the garden party at Government House, Nairobi. Two days later Princess Elizabeth and the Duke journeyed to Nyeri, and took possession of the house, which was a wedding gift to them from the people of Kenya.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH WALKING WITH SIR PHILIP MITCHELL, THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA: They are seen together at the garden party at which Sir Philip made the introductions as they toured the lawns of Government House. The Princess wore a calf-length frock of mauve, blue and pink organza, with a hat of Milan straw.

INTRODUCTIONS ON THE LAWN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE : Mrs. Nayanjom, wife of Mr. Dan Nayanjom (right), Senior Co-operative Inspector, being introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh by Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya.

VISITING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE KENYA REGIMENT : Princess Elizabeth about to inspect the guard of honour. Afterwards she opened the new headquarters of the regiment. This was one of many activities on an intensely crowded second day of the Royal stay in Nairobi. In spite of the heat and glare throughout the morning, the Princess carried no parasol ; she wore a hat with the brim swept well off the face and did not wear sun-glasses—all normal precautions which were refused so that the people of Nairobi could see her.

On left—

VISITING THE CATHEDRAL OF THE HIGHLANDS : Princess Elizabeth being greeted at the entrance to the Cathedral by the Cathedral's Provost. The Duke, wearing a lounge suit, follows close behind. The Cathedral, designed by the late Temple Moore, was begun in 1917 and to a great extent completed in the '30's. Its style is to a large extent a copy of Early English, but there are variations ranging from Norman to Gothic.

Below—

A CIVIC WELCOME IN THE TOWN HALL AT NAIROBI : The Princess and the Duke seated on the platform beside the Mayor, who was about to make a presentation to them on behalf of the city. This consisted of a gong set on ivory supports.

WAVING FROM THE BALCONY OF NAIROBI TOWN HALL : Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh acknowledging the greetings of the crowd. They had previously attended a civic luncheon, at which the Princess had thanked the people of the Colony for their wedding gift, the Royal Lodge at Nyeri, where they were able to spend a few days at the close of their stay in Kenya and before embarking on the S.S. *Gothic* at Mombasa.

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey With Notes

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

INDIA CELEBRATES THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE REPUBLIC: This overhead view of the big parade of the three Services was taken in Delhi on Republic Day. President Ragendra Prasad took the salute at the march-past and subsequently held a reception, attended by about 4,000 guests, at Government House.

ANTI-TANK GUNS AND A MOUNTAIN BATTERY PASS DOWN KINGSWAY, DELHI, DURING THE ANNIVERSARY PARADE: Nearly a million people turned out to see the parade.

Communism and the Indian Republic.—Four years after the Gandhi-Mountbatten termination of the British Raj and just two years after the establishment of the Republic, India has of her own volition set the stage for Communism to be the official Opposition to the Congress Party in the Central Parliament at Delhi. The Opposition will be small, though hardly as small as the numerical strength of the Communist Party—"anywhere between fifteen and fifty thousand"—in a polling list of 175,000,000 for all India.

But numbers do not matter much in a cadre party whose strength lies in its capacity for mass mobilisation through auxiliary and periphery organisations and on an undeterminable mass of fellow-travellers and sympathisers. Which one feels one has heard before of countries nearer home than India.

The big losers have been the Socialists.

The big issues have been food and administration.

Most of the electorate live in the villages, and among the rather more than 50 per cent. that has polled in the unfinished elections, thoughts have rested primarily on the navel, not on a People's Democracy or an atomic war.

In this sense, the main talking-point of the elections—food and how best to make it available to the largest number—has been a leg-up for President Truman's "Point Four" which is chiefly on paper, and for the lesser "Colombo Plan," which hasn't got much farther.

What Mr. Nehru and his associates have to absorb is that the broad mass of Indians have become aware that political independence has not only not improved the economic condition of the people, but caused it to deteriorate. On this, the Communists have played. Where administration is good—as in Bombay—they have been swamped. Where it is worst—as in the South—they have achieved real victories.

If an army marches on its stomach, an eastern democracy certainly votes on it; such seems to be the (not wholly unexpected) lesson of what has been described as "the greatest democratic experiment in history."

BETTER DAYS FOR ULLSTEINS AT THE U.S. HEADQUARTERS IN GERMANY: Mr. Cecil Lyon, Mr. Karl Ullstein, Mr. Rudolf Ullstein and Mr. Ernest Strunk, Chief Engineer of the former Ullstein Corporation, seen after the legal restoration of Ullsteins' pre-war assets.

New Life for Ullsteins.—Just twenty years ago "Ullsteins" was a name to conjure with among foreign correspondents in Berlin. The last of Bruening freedom was already receding before the "Horst Wessel Lied," and the big newspaper house used to be sought out as a haven of more or less objective news-gathering, especially by the Americans, several of whom were Jews.

The firm was established in 1877, at the height of Bismarck's German Empire, and prospered exceedingly in the news and illustrated fields right down to 1932. From 1900 onwards, affairs had been managed by the five sons of the founder, Leopold, and two of them, Rudolf and Karl, have survived to initiate a new cycle of the family fortunes. This Jewish family was forced by the Nazis to sell up and close shop in 1934. The Nazis wanted its liberalistic influence out of the way; they also wished to reap rich financial reward in the manner of the times. So Ullsteins had to part with their huge letter-presses and printing offices—far the best of their kind in Germany, if not on the Continent—for a mere 18 million Reichsmarks.

Who were the profiteers? Such things would be hidden away, thanks to the use of what is now called a "front." But there was never any doubts as to who benefited—Nazi high-ups and their friends.

Now Ullsteins have been given back their pre-war assets.

UNHAPPY LANDINGS: These paratroopers were injured in a mass jump during "Exercise Snowfall" near Camp Drum, New York State. They were evacuated to this field hospital by helicopters, the "maids-of-all-work" of the United States Air Force. Of 1,000 paratroopers who jumped, sixty-one were injured

The Maid-of-All-Work.—One of several virtues of the baby of the air, the helicopter, was exhibited at Camp Drum, New York State, when sixty-one troopers, injured in descending on frozen ground, were carried to field hospitals.

In the world of flight the helicopter has now definitely come to stay, even though it still has certain clearly defined drawbacks. For instance, it needs exceptional maintenance because of the vibration caused by its rotary blades; it is more unstable and difficult to fly than other aircraft; is very sensitive to atmospheric conditions and can seldom be risked in bad weather or at night; has trouble in taking-off.

Nevertheless, there is universal and sudden acclaim for the helicopter, and the Korean war has brought it about. Out there, the ungainly little insects have come to be regarded as angels of succour and usefulness. Two tributes tell the story.

"There's no decoration as good as the look on those men's faces when we drop down and pick them up."

"I can see all my commanders in four hours less than it would have taken to see one by road."

Enthusiastic general officers go the length of averring that helicopters represent a greater advance in mobility than did the advent of the motor vehicle.

WHEN IN SARAWAK HE DOES AS THE SARAWAKIS DO : Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner for South-East Asia, proffering a drink to a bejewelled guest as he sat cross-legged on the ground during the traditional Iban ceremony at Kuching, Sarawak. This ceremony, known as Berderah, is the offering to the gods of food and drink as a mark of thanks for a prosperous harvest. After the ceremony shown here there was Dyak, Malay and Javanese dancing on the lawn outside the Governor's residence.

On left—

The Future of the Commissioner-General.—Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been Commissioner-General for South-East Asia since 1949. His term of office will be completed in May. Will he remain at his post for a further period ? Such has been intermittently a matter of discussion from the day Mr. Lyttelton was dispatched to Malaya, and the answer cannot be long deferred.

Colourless statements by the two principals have not concealed a tart situation.

Said the Colonial Secretary : " The future of Mr. MacDonald will be decided to-morrow. It would be difficult to under-estimate the contribution which he has made, and his personal wishes will carry much weight."

Said the High Commissioner-General : " Constitutional changes were talked over, and a number of subjects, including my future."

The Colonial Secretary came again : " I am not in a position to disclose Mr. MacDonald's views on whether he wishes to carry on in his present post. I have to carry Mr. MacDonald's answer back to Mr. Churchill."

That this " answer " is a version of " I 'd like to stay on in order to complete the work to which I 've set my hand " is pretty clearly indicated ; that the new British Government inclines to a change only less so.

In Mr. MacDonald's favour is the support of a considerable section of Malayans, who believe he is taking them to self-government more directly than anyone else would, and of European influences in Singapore, with whom Mr. MacDonald has earned popularity and admiration.

Against a prolongation of the Commissioner-General's tenure of office are the radical changes Mr. Lyttelton has proposed for the most important part of Mr. MacDonald's region, and the departure of General Templer for Malaya with carefully reinforced powers.

On left—

THE CLOSING CHAPTERS OF A DRAMA OF THE SEA—HALF A SHIP MAKES PORT, BUT IS DESTINED FOR THE SCRAP-YARD : The stern section ol the tanker *Fort Dearborn* nears port at Long Beach, California, at the end of a tow from Honolulu, a task that took thirty-three days. It was described as one of the most difficult Pacific towing tasks ever undertaken. The ship broke in two 700 miles off Oahu in 1946, but the stern section, containing the power plant and 2,000 tons of scrap metal, survived and managed to reach Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, under her own power. The stern section is now destined to be turned into scrap at Long Beach.

SECURITY OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF THE BEY OF TUNIS : French guards examining pedestrians passing along the Rue de la Kasba in the vicinity of the Bey's residence. Security troops have been appearing in force in Tunis.

On right—

The One and Only Quins.—Can it be mere coincidence that we hear more frequently of " quads " and even of very occasional quintuplets, not to mention Mexican sextuplets, since the Dionne Quins were born nearly eighteen years ago ? Some of the claims could easily be fakes in view of the fortune amassed by the Dionne girls. All of them betray a strange human kink : why enthuse over freak births-at-a-time in a world already over-populated ?

The one and only " Quins " have grown up to be rather plain-looking, dark, French-Canadian girls, reserved and regimented for public appearances, at any rate. What a " wow " they would have been had they grown up to be a row of Betty Grables !

When they were tiny, one sometimes imagined them as they would be at the débutante age. Now here they are, fast approaching that milestone, and their appeal seems to have declined, rather than increased. Père Dionne sanctions personal appearances now and then—what may be an appearance other than personal, I 've never known—but of glamour there is little.

THE FIVE DIONNES ARE NOW EIGHTEEN : The celebrated quintuplets seen at St. Paul, Minnesota, where they recently attended the Winter Carnival. They are, left to right, Yvonne, Annette, Marie and Emilie. Cecile is standing.

The Future of Tunisia.—The insurrectionary movement in Tunisia has (at this writing) been nipped in the bud by quick and firm French police and military intervention. This has roused U.S. Secretary of State Acheson to criticism on the lines of " holding back the inevitable grant of independence to Africans, if only as a further means of enlightened self-defence against Russian Communism." Britain's *Times* struck a rather different note by admitting we had " unwittingly " added to French difficulties by granting self-government to " immature " peoples.

The French foretold in the autumn that Libyan self-government would touch up trouble next door in Tunisia. Although this was the United Nations' doing, our reception of the Tunisian " Mossedek " and " Nahas," Dr. Bourguiba, which included a reception at Westminster and a broadcast on the B.B.C., was strongly objected to by Paris, as interference in French affairs.

Dr. Bourguiba had sown the ground well, having previously gone on a tour to Nehru, the late Liaquat Ali Khan, and Dr. Sokoerno, before looking in on London, New York, and—lastly—on Egypt.

The Tunisian eruption mirrors two factors which look like dominating the whole African Story until they are met and settled for a lengthy period ahead : the native Africans' demand for independence, as distinct from supervised self-government, and the ultimate position of white settlers.

However hard and interested task-masters the French colonial may be in Tunisia, they have greatly enhanced the value and well-being of that country since 1881, if a great deal more remains to be done to better the lot of the average Tunisian.

b

RANGING THE WORLD

NEWS PICTURES FROM GERMANY, RUSSIA, AMERICA, AUSTRIA AND KOREA

THE FLYING BOX-CAR TRAGEDY IN GERMANY: Three persons were killed when a C 82 aircraft of the United States 60th Troop Carrier Wing at the Rhein-Main base crashed into a house at Raunheim, between Frankfurt and Mainz. The burnt-out fuselage is seen *on the left*, and *on the right* is the mangled wreckage of one of the engines. Soon after taking off, fire developed in the right engine of the aircraft, and the crew baled out, landing safely. The killed were an invalid, seventy-five year old father, his daughter and an eleven-year-old Czech refugee girl. The house caught fire, and a second house close by was damaged.

AN ULSTER MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT VISITS TROOPS IN THE FRONT LINE IN KOREA: Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde, Unionist and Conservative M.P. for Belfast North, is seen here (second from right) with the Commanding Officer (right) and officers of the 5th Dragoon Guards on the summit of a hill in the front line north of the 38th Parallel during his recent visit to Korea.

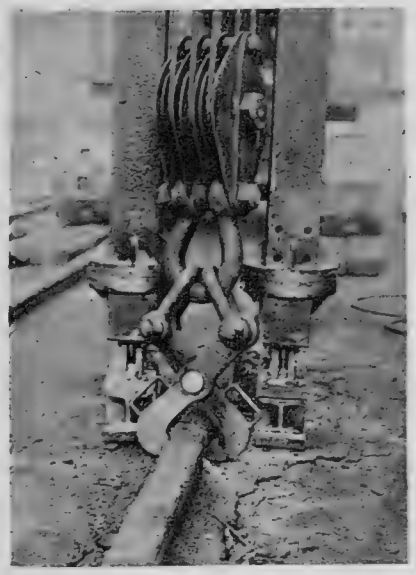
MUSCOVITE MAGNIFICENCE ON THE MOSCOW UNDERGROUND: This is the central hall of Komsomolskaya Ring Station, one of the four new stations on the second section to be completed on the new Metro system. This section is four miles long. The decorations of the Komsomolskaya Ring Station are dedicated to the great battle exploits of the Russian people, and to famous Russian leaders. The Capture of Berlin and Victory Parade are two panels relating to the Second World War, which the Russians call "The Great Patriotic War." There are also portraits of Alexander Nevsky, Dimitry Donskoi, Alexander Suvorov, and Mikhail Kutusov. At the Botanic Garden Station, the decorative theme is the transformation of nature, the rich and abundant harvest of the collective farms. The labour exploits of the Soviet people and their fervent love for the homeland are reflected in Novoslobodskaya Station, while the Byelorusskaya Station shows the struggle of the Byelorussian guerillas during the "Great Patriotic War," also the economic and cultural progress of Soviet Byelorussia. The total length of the underground lines of the Moscow Metro is about thirty miles. Now that the second section is completed the Metro builders have started work on the last link of the Big Ring from Byelorussky Station to the Park of Culture and Rest.

SKI-JUMPING IN THE UNITED STATES: This picture, reminiscent of the ski-jumping competitions on Hampstead Heath, comes from Bear Mount, New York. Mezzy Barber is seen taking off in one of the jumps that added up to his fourth victory this season. Representing the Brattleboro Outing Club, Mr. Barber jumped 140 and 147 ft., to win the Norsemen Ski Club's invitation meet at Bear Mount. Sigurd Sorensen, of Norway, was second.

AUSTRIAN COFFEE-HOUSE OWNERS IN A PROTEST MARCH: Along the snow-covered streets of Vienna a procession of coffee-house owners march to the city's Ringstrasse to present a petition against the *expressos* (snack-bars), which, they say, are ruining their business. In their petition, which was presented to the Austrian Chancellor, they demanded that the further spread of *expressos* be prohibited. The coffee-houses of Vienna are similar to the American drug-stores.

THE LONDON SCENE

Some Varied Aspects of the Home News



***On right and on left*— A MECHANICAL TRAMLINE LIFTER :** These pictures show a new device which has been developed for lifting disused tramlines. The machine is seen in a general view and in detail at work in Tottenham, where, operated by three men, it has been doing work which otherwise would have required thirty men. Embedded in London's roads are an estimated 60,000 tons of disused tramlines, worth about £400,000 to the steel industry. It has been in the past considered uneconomical to remove them, but Tottenham Corporation have now made a start with this new machine.

JANUARY 30—THE 303rd ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF CHARLES I : The scene outside the United Services Club in Whitehall, close to the spot where the Stuart King met his executioners, as members of the Society of King Charles the Martyr met to pay homage to their patron. Wreaths were also laid on the King's statue at the top of Whitehall, and a Eucharist was celebrated in the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. The Society of King Charles the Martyr, founded in 1895, is an organisation within the Church of England. Churches, church organisations and guilds are also dedicated to the memory of the King. In 1949 Dr. Esme Wingfield Stratford wrote a new estimate of the ill-fated monarch and pointed out his domestic virtues and his unswerving loyalty to the Church.

RECONSTRUCTING LOCK GATES AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS : Workmen are seen erecting one of the six great derricks which are to lift concrete sections into position to dam two locks at the Galleons' Reach end of the Albert Docks. The locks are to be enlarged.

PARLIAMENT GOES INTO SESSION AGAIN AND THE UNION JACK IS HOISTED UP THE 100-FT.-HIGH MAST OF THE VICTORIA TOWER AT THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT : The flag, which shows that the Members are in session, just as the light over Big Ben indicates the same thing, has not been flown since last February, when repairs to the mast were begun. The flag which is being hoisted here is the medium-sized one, 18 ft. by 9 ft. This is the storm flag, and is used during high winds. The largest flag flown at the mast measures 36 ft. by 18 ft.

THE PILOT MODEL OF THE RIVER THAMES WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED BY THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY AT THE ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK, TOGETHER WITH A 400-FT. MODEL, ONE OF THE LARGEST TIDAL MODELS IN THE WORLD: The work has been carried out under the direction of Sir Claude Inglis, Director of Hydraulic Research in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The models are primarily for the study of dredging problems in the river, the large hydraulic model enabling the engineers to study in some detail the flow patterns, the movement of bed material, and the behaviour of silt. Every breakwater, bridge, sandbank and pier, from the estuary to the head of the tideway at Teddington, is shown in the larger model.

WATCHING THE FLOW OF OLD FATHER THAMES ON THE LARGE SCALE MODEL OF THE TIDAL SECTION OF THE RIVER: When it is realised that each year the Port of London Authority has to remove nearly 3,000,000 cubic yards of silt from the docks and river at a cost of about £500,000, the importance of such a model can be assessed. In addition to the study of silting, the hydraulic models also provide vital data on river pollution.

Solving Tideway Problems on

THE GREAT THAMES MODELS

Engineers Study Pollution and Silting on One of the Largest River Models in the World

TWICE every day an enormous volume of sea-water sweeps into and out of the Thames. It is the mainspring of all activity on the great river; but if this was the sole source of flow the Thames would speedily silt up and become a mere creek.

The flow of fresh-water from the non-tidal Thames to the tidal Thames is indeed a vital factor in preventing siltation, and it is important also in the purification of the river, although, of course, the tidal Thames purifies itself principally by its long, windswept reaches where, aided by the disturbance caused by bridge piers and jetty piles, ever-changing surfaces of water are presented to the air, thus obtaining the maximum absorption of oxygen. The fact does remain, however, that the "trickle" flowing over Teddington Weir, which was how the engineer, G. P. Bidder, once described it, is important in the matter of both siltation and pollution. If, for instance, after an August drought the natural daily flow of 500,000,000 gallons or more at Teddington dropped to, say, 250,000,000 gallons, there would be cause for marked anxiety, as indeed there was in the late summer of 1949 before the rains came.

Since the Second World War, the Port of London Authority, that great body which rules from Teddington to the sea, has given increasing consideration to these problems of flow, and in 1949 it set up a special committee to examine, with the valued help of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, some of the main causes of siltation and pollution in the tidal river.

To-day the work still goes on, and it owes a great deal to the models of the tideway which have been constructed at the Royal Victoria Dock under the direction of Sir Claude Inglis, Director of Hydraulic Research in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The P.L.A. ordered the construction of these models in its capacity as port authority responsible for the maintenance and improvement of the channels leading to the docks and as conservators responsible for the purity and depth of the river. The models are primarily for the study of dredging problems in the river. Each year the Authority have to remove nearly 3,000,000 cubic yards of silt from the docks and river, and this costs in the region of £500,000.

The consideration of certain aspects of the problem is being assisted by the large hydraulic model of the Thames in which the flow patterns, the movement of bed material and the behaviour of silt can be studied. To determine the most suitable location and orientation for the seaward limit and the tide generator in the Thames model, appropriate experiments were carried out in a small pilot model. Although this pilot model was not designed to solve directly any of the problems before the investigation, some useful information has been obtained from it about the flow in the river before the formation of a dredged channel, which will enable valuable comparisons to be made with the characteristics of flow at the present time. In the future, some experiments in the Thames model will probably be duplicated in the pilot model, and at a later date minor problems in those parts of the outer estuary which are not included in the Thames model may be investigated in the pilot model.

The engineers and experimenters working on the model will use it in their search for answers to a large number of problems which have been selected for consideration by the Port Authority. The first of these is the reduction of silt in Tilbury Tidal Basin. The removal now costs the Authority £75,000 per annum. The second problem is the improvement of the channel through Halfway Reach, Barking and Galleons' Reach to the King George V entrance to the Royal Docks, and the third problem is the reduction of siltation in the Royal Docks themselves.

In addition to coming to grips with the elusive problem of silt in the river, the Port of London Authority have initiated, with the help of the London County Council, an investigation by the Water Pollution Research Laboratory into other conditions in the estuary. The Authority has built a laboratory at Tilbury and provides a 72-ft.-long motor launch for taking readings on the river.

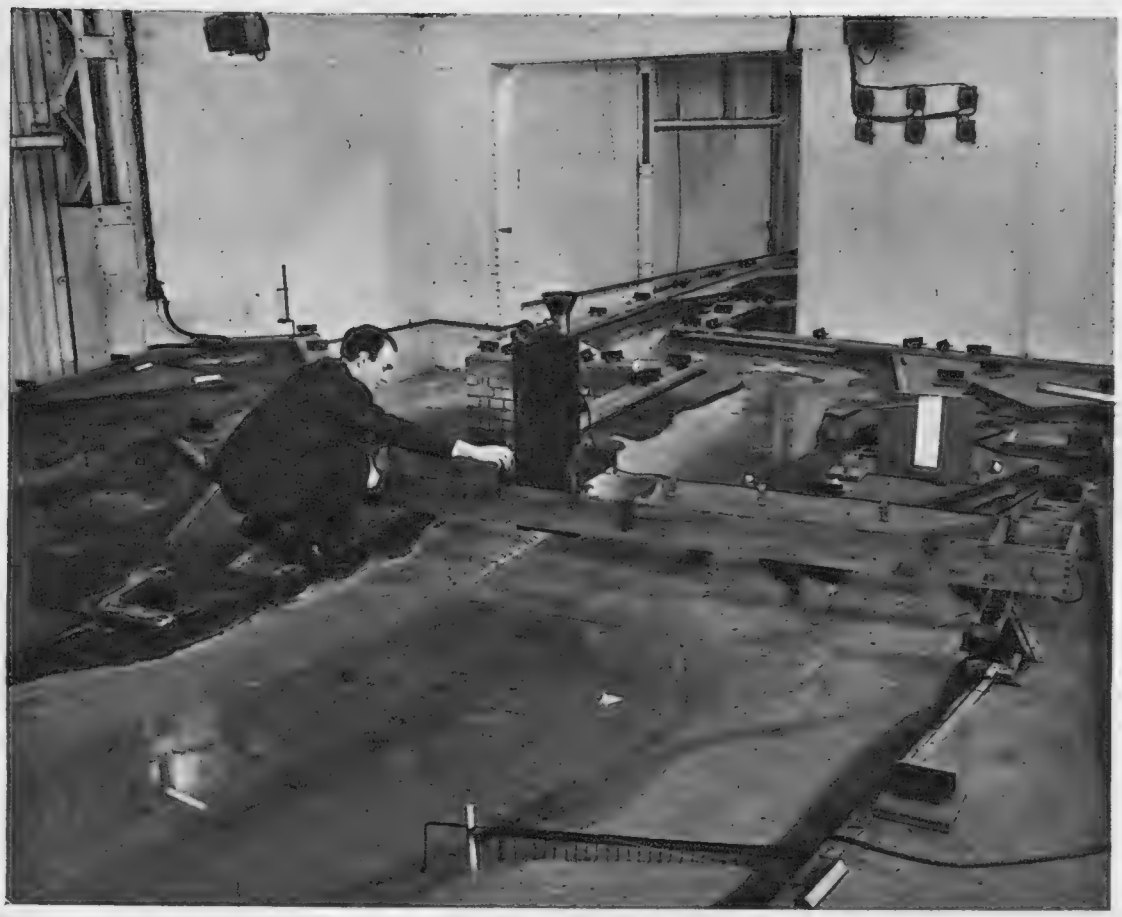
The Thames model will also be utilised when required to determine the periods of retention in the river of liquids discharged at various places and states of the tide. When Sir Joseph Bazalgette in 1874 built the London sewerage system to remedy the polluted state of the river it was confidently stated that if the outfall at Barking discharged on the falling tide the sewage effluent would leave London never to return.

It is now known that discharges to the river travel up and down the channel only slowly progressing towards the sea, and the Barking and Crossness outfalls flow continuously day and night.

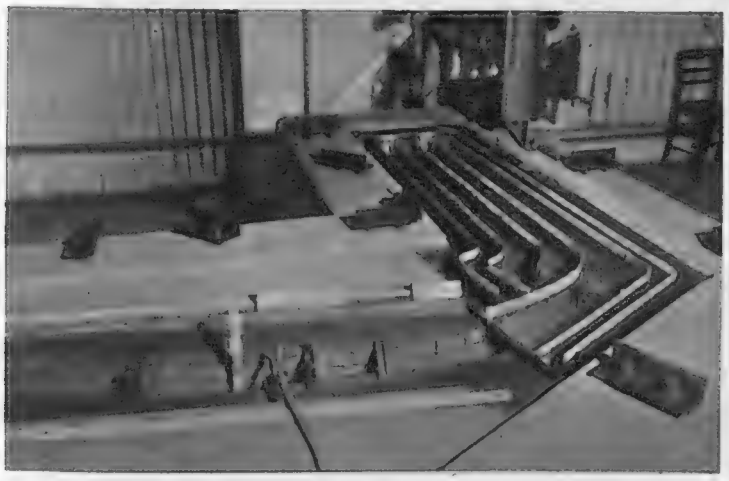
The aim of the Port of London Authority is to raise the standard of cleanliness of the river until it is able to purify the discharges made to it during their slow progress to the sea.

In considering the work to be done with the model, it is important to emphasize the fact that hydraulic

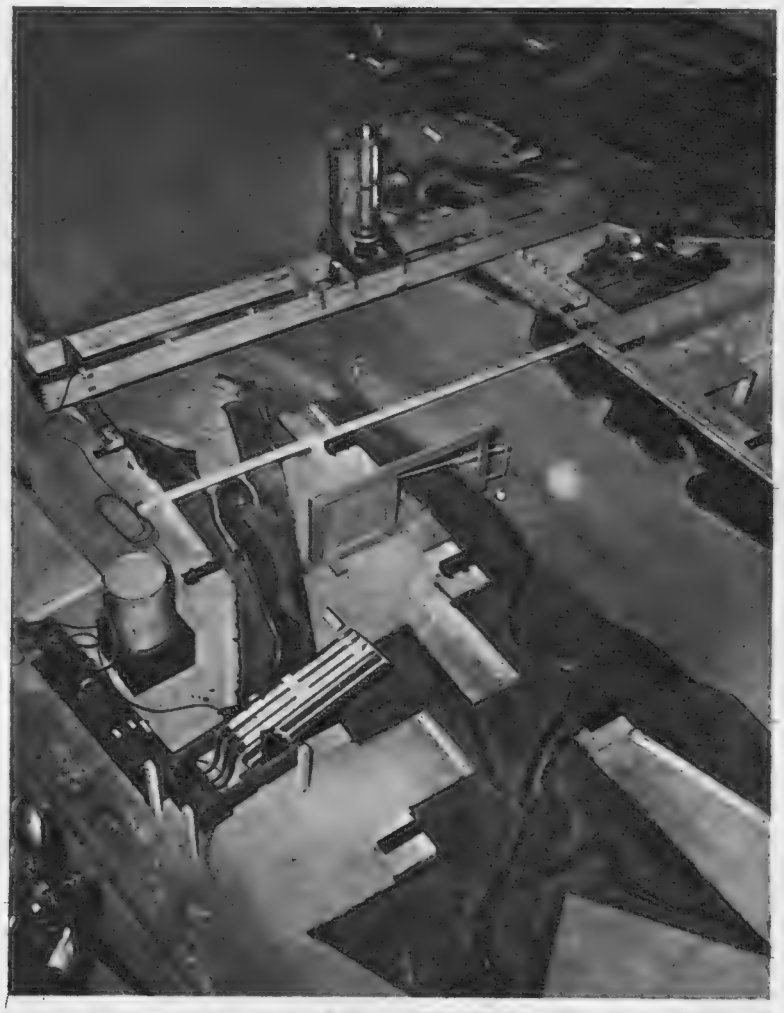
THE TILBURY BASIN AND LANDING STAGE AS SHOWN ON THE HYDRAULIC MODEL OF THE THAMES: Heavy silting takes place in the Tilbury Basin, and it is hoped that the model will show the best way of overcoming it. A detailed survey is being made of the surface and sub-surface currents. A red dye is injected into the river in order to indicate current flow and direction.



TAKING CURRENT-SPEED MEASUREMENTS: An engineer at work with the smaller of the two Thames models. He is using a velocity meter over the area of the estuary between Leigh-on-Sea and the mudflats of the Isle of Grain. The horizontal linear scale of the model is 1 : 3,000.



THE THAMES AT SOUTHEND AND THE JUNCTION WITH THE MEDWAY: This is part of the smaller model. In the centre of the picture is the velocity meter for taking current-speed measurements. *On left*—The smaller model at London Bridge. The tidal prism between this point and the tidal limit at Teddington Weir is accommodated in a labyrinth. Originally this pilot model was based on surveys of the river made in 1830-34. It has since been brought up to date on the 1939-49 surveys.



SOME OF THE VARIED INSTRUMENTS SURROUNDING THE PILOT MODEL IN WHICH THE TIDAL PERIOD OF 12 HOURS 25 MINS. IS REPRODUCED IN 2 MINS. 43 SECS.: Tide generation in the model is achieved by reduced air pressure created by a turbo-exhauster in a pneumatic displacer.

models do not provide direct answers to the complex problems of siltation. It was once thought—and the opinion still seems to be widespread—that if a tidal model were to be moulded in suitable material to a survey of a certain date and run for a number of model "years," the model would then show on inspection the conditions to be expected in the prototype after the equivalent number of actual years. In fact, the conditions in the prototype and the model are too complex, and some aspects of the relationship between the two are still too indeterminate, for a model to reproduce the quantitative changes which will occur in nature. A well-designed model will provide accurate information about the tides and the general flow pattern in an estuary or tidal river, but in the present state of knowledge of loose-boundary hydraulics, the experience of the engineer and the skill of the experimenter are essential for the successful planning of the experiments and for the *interpretation* of the results in relation to the behaviour of the prototype.

It would be unwise at this stage, while the model is still being proved, to attempt to describe precisely how the problems before the Thames model investigation will be approached, but some indication of the kind of work which is proposed can be outlined.

In connection with the silting in Tilbury Basin, it is intended first to make a detailed survey of the surface and sub-surface currents in the model in the vicinity of the Basin, at all stages of the tide and with various upland, fresh-water flows. These measurements will be compared with similar observations in the prototype; any adjustments that may be needed to ensure similitude in the model will then be made, and further corroborative model observations taken. From these observations it will be possible to decide whether the problem can be solved directly by observations in the Thames model, or whether a larger, part model of the Tilbury area, with little or no vertical exaggeration, will be needed in order to obtain the requisite information.

The problem of siltation in the Mud Reaches presents greater difficulties, affecting as it does the regime of the entire estuary. The nature of the experimental work will be similar to that described for Tilbury Basin. The effects of different upland discharges, corresponding to actual summer and winter conditions, will require close study, as it is known that the siltation in these reaches is closely related to the fresh-water flow, small though this is in comparison with the tidal discharge. Other factors which may affect siltation in the area are the discharge by the L.C.C. of up to 400,000,000 gallons per day of partially-treated sewage into Barking Reach, and progressive rise in the temperature of the river water due to the discharge of heated water from power stations.

No. 18100
BRITAIN'S FIRST GAS TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE

Western Region's 90-m.p.h. Locomotive, Built at Manchester, on Show at Paddington

Just over two years ago British Railways announced that the Brown Boveri gas turbine locomotive, ordered by the former Great Western Railway in 1946, had arrived in England and was to undergo extensive tests. Western Region, the successors of the Great Western Railway, also announced that they too had ordered another gas turbine model for experimental purposes, from the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company of Manchester. The principal features were determined by the service requirements stipulated by the then Chief Mechanical Engineer of the Great Western Railway. These requirements were that it should be suitable for hauling the heaviest passenger train on the Western main routes, particularly that between London and Plymouth, and at speeds up to 90 m.p.h. This model, No. 18100, has now been delivered, and with its maximum tractive effort becomes the most powerful locomotive on British Railways. It is said to have sustained speeds of 85 m.p.h. on level track, 41 m.p.h. on gradients up to 1 : 100, and 23 m.p.h. on gradients up to 1 : 50.

The body and underframe of the locomotive are built together as a single unit and almost entirely by welding. At each end the driving-cab walls and roof, in the form of a separate welded aluminium alloy structure, are mounted on the underframe platform. The whole body is carried on two bogies of six driving axles, each of which is driven through a single reduction gear by a traction motor suspended on the axle and from a support on the bogie frame.

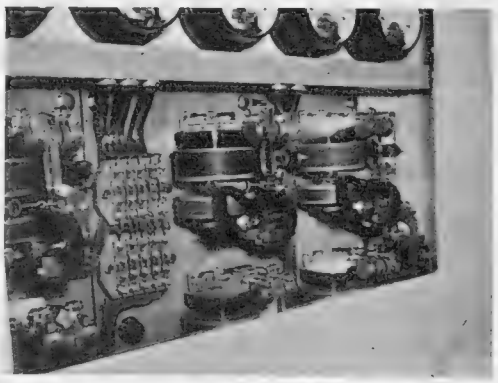
The turbine rotates at 7,000 r.p.m. when delivering full load, and drives three main traction generators at 1,600 r.p.m. through single reduction gearing. The reduction gear unit has two output shafts : one drives two of the main generators in tandem and the other drives the third main generator, the auxiliary generator and the exciter. The turbine, reduction gear and group of generators are mounted on a common bedplate together with the main fuel and lubricant pumps and constitute a self-contained power unit which is installed in the locomotive body on three support points on its main underframe. Each of the three main generators supplies two of the six traction motors.

The prime mover of the gas turbine is a simple cycle gas turbine without heat exchanger and the cycle of compression. The turbine is a five-stage unit running in two sleeve-type bearings and its rotor is coupled to that of the compressor, which has a pressure ratio of 5.25 at 7,000 r.p.m. The compressor and turbine cylinders are connected together by a tubular member surrounding their shaft coupling so that they constitute a single structural unit on which the combustion chamber is mounted. Each of the six flame tubes of the combustion chamber is secured by quickly detachable unions to the compressor and turbine.

To start the unit, the turbine is accelerated up to a self-sustaining speed by the main generator acting as motors fed from the starting battery, and once the driver has actuated the starter button the process is entirely automatic. The successive steps in the process are initiated by a timing or sequence controller driven at a controlled speed by an electric motor. From then onwards the fuel combustion assists in the acceleration, and at about 2,500 r.p.m. the battery automatically disconnects from the main generators and the turbine continues its acceleration under its own power to 4,000 r.p.m. The time from pressing the starter button until the turbine starts to turn is ten seconds.

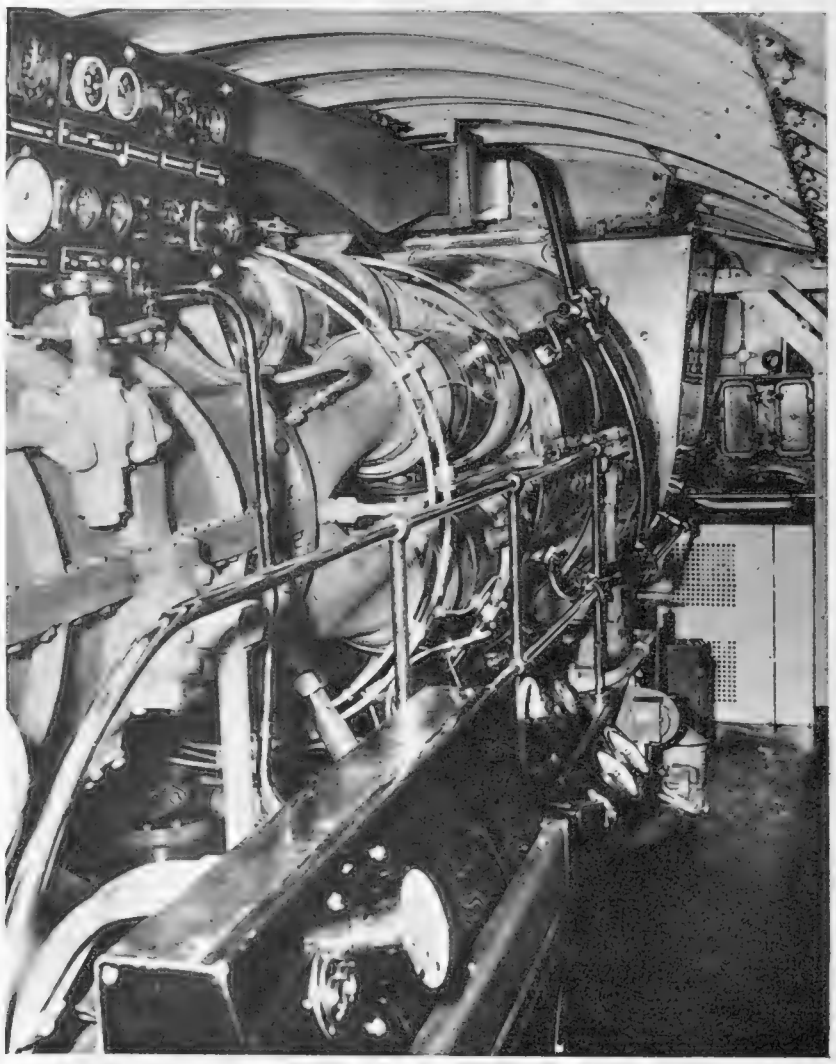
The case for using this type of locomotive in preference to steam traction rests mainly on economies from its higher efficiency and anticipated lower maintenance costs for equal work done. In relation to Diesel traction its case rests largely on operating economies.

THE FIRST GAS TURBINE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS ARRIVES AT PADDINGTON STATION FOR EVENTUAL SERVICE WITH THE WESTERN REGION : In contrast on the right foreground is an older-type steam engine. The new 3,000-h.p. locomotive, built by Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company Ltd., has a maximum tractive effort of 60,000 lb., which is sufficient to start the heaviest passenger train on the steepest gradient. After trials No. 18100 will go into service on the London-Plymouth run.



THE CONTROL PANEL OF NO. 18100 : The main function of the control equipment is to provide means for the driver to control the speed of the train by regulating the terrific tractive effort developed at the wheels.

A HEAD-ON VIEW OF BRITAIN'S MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE : No. 18100 is 66 ft. 9¼ ins. long, 9 ft. wide and 12 ft. 10 ins. in height above rail level.



INSIDE THE NEW LOCOMOTIVE : *Left*—A view of the engine-room. *Right*—Mr. F. Gould, the driver of the locomotive, seated at the controls. The driving-cab (there is one at either end of the locomotive) gives the driver the maximum view of the line ahead. To start the unit, the turbine is accelerated up to a self-sustaining speed by the main generators acting as motors fed from the starting battery, and once the driver has actuated the starter button the process is entirely automatic. Idling speed is reached after about 30 seconds and full power may be taken from the turbine after about ten minutes' warming-up.

Winter Sports and Winter Settings

Snow and Ice Brought the Ski-ers, Skaters and Curlers Out in Force Up and Down the Country

SKI-ING BESIDE LOCH LOMOND: These two ski-ers and their dog were climbing to the top of the run on the hills above Loch Lomond after recent heavy snow. In the background, on the Stirling side, mighty Ben Lomond rises above the Loch. The recent severe weather throughout the country has offered ideal conditions for winter sports enthusiasts. Ski-ing and tobogganing on the hillsides, skating on the frozen ponds and lakes—not always with safety—has been the order of the day down to the south of England.

THE YOUNG RIVER TEES THRASHES ITS WAY BETWEEN THE SNOW-GIRT ROCKS WHERE THREE COUNTIES MEET: To lovers of the northern countryside Cauldron Snout, near the point where Durham meets Cumberland and Westmorland, is a favourite sight. Here, a few miles from its source on the slopes of Cross Fell, the highest point of the Pennine Chain, the lonely Tees hurls its way down a narrow gorge, dropping 200 ft. within half a mile.

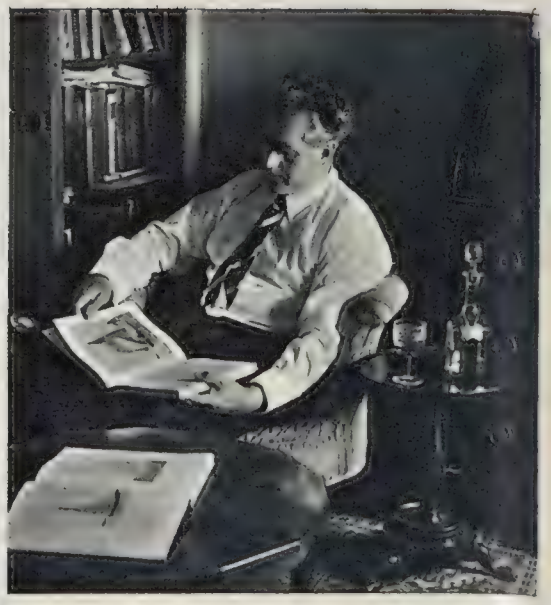
A SNOWPLOUGH FIXED TO A DOUBLE-DECKER BUS CLEARS SNOW FROM CURZON STREET, RUCHILL, IN GLASGOW: In parts of Scotland the cold was so intense that hares and rabbits were found frozen in the fields. At one place a jackdaw was discovered dead on a fence.

MELROSE ABBEY, ROXBURGHSHIRE, IN A WINTER SETTING: The Abbey has been described as the finest ruin in Scotland. It was founded in 1150 for Cistercians by Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland under David I. The heart of Robert Bruce and the body of Alexander II are said to be interred near the site of the High Altar.

A PERTHSHIRE BONSPIEL IN A SETTING OF HIGHLAND SPLENDOUR: This was the first outdoor bonspiel, or curling match, of the winter and was held by the Dunkeld Club Divisional Bonspiel near Dunkeld recently. Ten teams competed for the medal. Before the centuries-old game could begin, thick snow had to be swept from the ice.

ALPINE PASTIMES IN DERBYSHIRE: This picture was taken recently on the slopes below the plateau of Kinder Scout, near the Vale of Edale, in Derbyshire. Week-end ski-ing enthusiasts were out in force, enjoying almost perfect Alpine conditions on the hills.

CAPTAIN VOSS'S NARROW DUG-OUT CANOE "TILIKUM" SAILING THE ATLANTIC DURING HER FAMOUS ROUND-THE-WORLD VOYAGE: It was in the spring of 1901 in Victoria, British Columbia, that Mr. Luxton, a Canadian journalist, asked Captain J. C. Voss if he could accomplish a voyage round the world in a smaller vessel than the American yawl *Spray* in which Captain Slocum had successfully circumnavigated the globe. Captain Voss decided to make the attempt, and for his purpose he obtained a canoe which he found on the beach near an Indian village on the east coast of Vancouver Island. The canoe was made out of one solid red cedar log: in other words, she was a real dug-out as used by Indians. Captain Voss strengthened the *Tilikum* with oak frames fastened with galvanised iron nails, and on the bottom of the keel he fastened 300 lb. of lead. He decked her over, built a 5-by-8-ft. cabin and a cockpit, and rigged her with three small masts and four small fore- and aft-sails. The story of the *Tilikum* and her 40,000-mile voyage is told in The Mariners' Library No. 3, *The Venturesome Voyages of Captain Voss.*



UFFA FOX, THE FLYING YACHTSMAN, WHO HAS HIMSELF SAILED THE ATLANTIC THREE TIMES IN SMALL YACHTS: Even in his leisure hours Uffa Fox thinks, dreams and plans yachts. His library in his home in Medina House, not far from his Cowes boat-yard, is stacked with books about boats, several of them written by himself. Some years ago Mr. Fox startled the world with his international 14-ft. sailing dinghy, which doubled the speed of anything previously attained by boats of this class. Then came a succession of larger racers.

At certain seasons of the year hardly a day passes without news of lone ocean voyagers either at journey's start or journey's end, or in the midst of high and oftentimes dangerous adventure on the broad Atlantic. Men like Edward Allcard and the Smith brothers in our own day, Alain Gerbault a quarter of a century ago, and old Joshua Slocum in the last century have all captured public imagination by their feats of seamanship; and there are a hundred others who have braved the Western Ocean to the world's wonderment and their own deep personal satisfaction.

In this feature of THE SPHERE *Uffa Fox, the yacht designer, and Montague Dawson, one of our most brilliant marine artists, have collaborated to show some of the achievements of sailing men. They deal first of all with those three remarkable mariners—Slocum, who went round the world in the short, wide and shallow* Spray, *the first to "go it" alone; Voss, who went round the world in the long and narrow dug-out canoe* Tilikum; *and Blackburn, who sailed the Atlantic without any fingers and only the stubs of his thumbs. Finally, Mr. Fox and Mr. Dawson present some of the modern-day yachts like* Cohoe, Samuel Pepys *and* Mokoia, *the redoubtable three which, in 1950, raced eastward across the Atlantic after taking part with distinction in the Bermuda race.*

LITTLE SHIPS ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC

An Account of Some of the Small Craft Which Have Braved the Perils of the Western Ocean Before and Since the Turn of the Century

BY UFFA FOX, WITH ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

" Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. . . ."

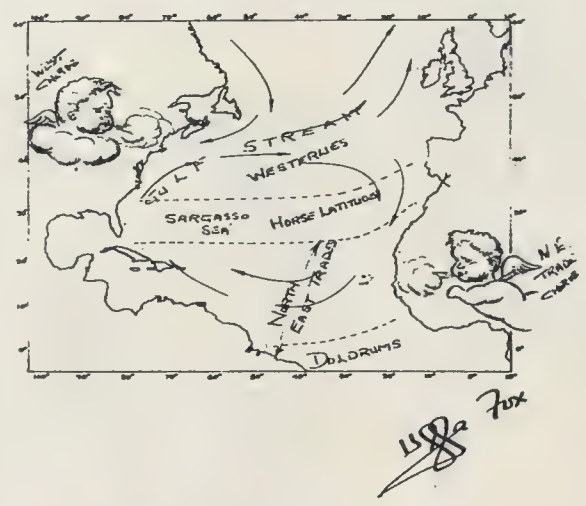
THE North Atlantic has remained unchanged since the beginning of time. On the equator there are the doldrums, and throughout this latitude there is little or no wind.

Farther north, Latitude 7 to Latitude 24, are the North-East Trades. Here the wind blows regularly from the north-east the whole time, but even though regular in direction, it varies greatly in strength, from a good breeze to almost gale force, and swings and varies in direction two or three points.

North of this again, Latitude 24 to 30, are the Horse Latitudes, and here winds are light and variable, as this is a belt of fitful calms, dividing the North-East Trades from the Westerlies. The westerly winds extend from Latitude 30, northward of the British Isles, to Latitude 60.

So much for the wind system of the North Atlantic. We now have to deal with its streams and currents.

In the Gulf of Mexico the water is very warm, and from here the warm Gulf Stream starts out on its long journey northwards, up the coast to New York, where it strikes across to Britain and up into the Arctic Ocean, where it is cooled down and returns back to the Gulf of Mexico in two parts—one the Arctic or Labrador Current, which comes down close along the eastern seaboard of America, bringing down icebergs in the early summer, which melt on meeting the warm Gulf Stream off Newfoundland, and so cause fogs there, whilst the earth and moss brought down in them drop to the bottom as they melt and form the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and the food for the fishes, and so is the cause of all the fishermen of Europe going out to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for centuries.



THE ATLANTIC OCEAN AS UFFA FOX SEES IT: On the one hand is the Cherub that blows the Westerlies, and on the other the Cherub of the North-East Trade Winds, the two great currents of air which have helped the mariner across the Western Ocean since the first days of Columbus. Between Latitudes 24-30 are the Horse Latitudes, where the winds are light and variable. In the earlier days of sail the eastward journey was one of 5,000 miles, and the westward journey one of 3,000 miles. Now, however, sailing-boats, with their greatly-improved ability to windward, make almost direct crossings from east to west.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Reynolds Current runs south across the Bay of Biscay and continues on its way through the North-East Trades, back into the Gulf of Mexico, where it is heated up and once more is sent on its long journey north. All of this, broadly speaking, being similar to the hot-water system in any house, where water, heated by the furnace, races up into the roof tanks and drives the cold water there back into the furnace.

All this knowledge of the North Atlantic has been known to seamen for a great many years, and the sailing-ship route from Britain to America is south across the Bay of Biscay, westward through the North-East Trades, and then north to New York, whilst the return voyage is straight across the Atlantic. In this way a vessel carried a fair wind, both outward and homeward bound.

Once the steam-engine had been perfected, vessels could go straight across to, and straight back from, America—3,000 instead of 5,000-miles journey. Now, because of her greatly improved ability to windward, it is faster for a present-day, well-found sailing yacht to go straight to windward across the Atlantic—which gives an indication of the state of perfection reached by present-day sailing yachts as their ability to windward and at sea has been steadily improved throughout the years.

In the old days, the standard of behaviour was set by the Ten Commandments, but now the laws of the land are so innumerable and so complicated. If a man stopped on a pavement in London Town and stretched his arms, he would probably be summoned for assault, as he would undoubtedly have hit the

(Continued on page 204)

In this dramatic seascape Montague Dawson, the distinguished marine painter, shows the 36-ft. sloop *Spray* running before the wind during her crossing of the North Atlantic in the spring of 1895. Captain Slocum, the first man in world history to circumnavigate the world alone, found the *Spray* a centenarian derelict in a New England orchard, and he rebuilt her from keel to truck with his own hands. Following his West-to-East passage of the Atlantic Slocum meant to pass through the Mediterranean, but, after a warning of Barbary pirates given him at Gibraltar, he turned back and steered for the Horn instead. He battled his way through the Straits of Magellan, crossed the South Pacific and Indian Oceans, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, recrossed the South Atlantic and at last made fast again to his old mooring-post more than three years later, after a voyage of over 46,000 miles. Slocum's book, *Sailing Alone Round the World* (republished by Rupert Hart-Davis in 1949), is one of the great classics of the sea. Richard Hughes has written: "Like most performances of genius, it is as difficult to assign a precise reason for the undertaking as to explain away its success. I doubt if Slocum himself knew clearly why he set out; a pastmaster of the age of sail, the advent of steam had left him at a loose end—that is about all one can say. Once done, however, it was natural that the voyage should arouse emulation." The first of the emulators was Captain Voss, whose dug-out canoe *Tilikum* is shown on the opposite page; and now, half-a-century later, the Atlantic has become a race-course for the world's most skilled and venturesome yachtsmen.

THE WORLD VOYAGE OF JOSHUA SLOCUM

The 36-ft. Sloop "Spray," in Which the American Skipper Crossed the North Atlantic and Battled His Way Round the Globe

LITTLE SHIPS ACROSS the BROAD ATLANTIC

(*Continued from page 202*)

HOWARD BLACKBURN'S "GREAT WESTERN," WHICH HE SAILED SINGLEHANDED WITHOUT FINGERS AND WITH ONLY THE STUMPS OF HIS THUMBS: In this sturdy 32-ft. cutter Blackburn crossed the Atlantic, proving himself a first-rate seaman, as Slocum and Voss had done before him. Blackburn, an old Gloucester schooner fisherman, lost his fingers during five days spent in an open boat in deep winter. He was a great skipper, says Uffa Fox, "filled with knowledge and understanding of the sea in all its moods."

MONTAGUE DAWSON IN HIS STUDIO AT MILFORD-ON-SEA, HANTS: The distinguished marine painter whose pictures illustrate this special feature of "The Sphere."

people each side in stretching; and if he stood in the middle of the street to admire Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, or the Thames winding past, he would undoubtedly be summoned for obstructing the traffic. Therefore, more and more people put to sea to escape from all this—for the sea alone of all these things on this earth has remained untamed and unchanged, and it is only at sea that one finds freedom and peace, for there is freedom and peace even in a gale of wind and towering seas. For piloting her way through the old sailing-ship trade routes to North America, a vessel would probably be a month without sighting land or a ship, and feel the freedom of the boundless, limitless sea and sky.

The people who have sailed across oceans in small yachts are far more numerous than one supposes, and every year sees their number increasing.

Among the most famous are Captain Joshua Slocum, who sailed round the world in the beamy, shallow-draught *Spray*; and Captain Voss, who sailed round the world in *Tilikum*, a narrow dug-out canoe; and these two famous voyagers point out the fact that almost any type of vessel is capable of crossing oceans—*providing* her captain understands her capabilities and limitations; and here it must be remembered that, on our voyage through life, we endure every kind of joy and every kind of sadness by the time we have attained the age of sixty, and so on a voyage of months of duration, every kind of weather, from calm to gales, will be enjoyed and endured, and all these ocean voyagers have endured all the same sort of things—though some tell them more vividly than others

I have sailed across the Atlantic three times in small sailing yachts, and on one of these, when at Gloucester, the famous fishing port of North America, I met Howard Blackburn, an old Gloucester schooner fisherman, who, unable to rejoin the large Gloucester schooner, from which he had left to fish with a companion in his dory, spent five dreadful days and nights of bitter winter weather in this small, light boat, before finally rowing to the safety of the shore. His companion was frozen to death; Blackburn's hands were frozen to the oars, the result being that he had no fingers at all, and only just the stumps of his two thumbs.

Howard Blackburn afterwards sailed across the Atlantic in the sturdy 32-ft. cutter *Great Western* single-handed. Slocum's wide, shallow boat *Spray*, Voss's narrow dug-out canoe *Tilikum*, and Howard Blackburn's *Great Western* (which he sailed single-handed, without fingers) have one thing in common—each of them was under the command of a first-rate seaman filled with knowledge and understanding of the sea in all its moods. So almost any kind of boat can be sailed across oceans in calm or gale, provided her virtues and flaws are understood and a first-rate seaman is in charge.

The knowledge and understanding of small-boat sailing has spread and increased enormously; the design and construction of small yachts has also been developed to a great state of perfection latterly. All this improvement in sailing, seamanship, yacht design and construction, is largely due to the Cruising Club of America, The Royal Ocean Racing Club of Britain, and other yacht clubs who have fostered ocean and long-distance racing, as they have encouraged yachts and yachtsmen to go to sea and stay there for days and weeks on end.

To such a state of perfection has all this developed that, in 1950, three small yachts—*Cohoe*, K. Adlard Coles; *Mokoia*, Major Murray; *Samuel Pepys*, Royal Naval Sailing Association—raced across the Atlantic and were driven to the utmost; the limiting factor in each case was not the vessel or gear, but the physical endurance of her crew, as each had quite a small crew. To drive these little vessels continuously twenty-four hours each day, for a month on end, meant every so often they would have to ease down so that the crew could rest a little, as small vessels can only be driven hard by fit and able crews.

When all had arrived safely in England, from the other side of the Atlantic, very little or no fuss was made of them—the hall-mark of yachting and yachtsmen to-day.

From 1866 onwards, a great many small vessels sailed across the Atlantic. There was the ship-rigged lifeboat *Red White and Blue*, which took thirty-four days from New York to the chops of the Channel; she was 26 ft. long and 6 ft. beam.

Then there was the life-raft *Nonpareil*, which crossed in forty-three days a year later—she was built of three india-rubber, waterproof, cigar-shaped cylinders, 25 ft. long and 30 ft. in diameter, on which was rigged wooden staging, 21 ft. by 12½ ft. wide, and on this was set her schooner rig.

In 1876, the *Gloucester*, a 20-ft. cutter-rigged dory, sailed across; and in 1877 the 18-ft. ketch *New Bedford* sailed across in forty-nine days. Then a very small vessel, *The City of Bath*, sailed across the Atlantic; while *Sea Serpent*, a 15-ft. boat with 5-ft. beam, raced across the Atlantic against another 15-ft. boat, *The Mermaid*, in 1891—although *Sea Serpent* arrived safely, *The Mermaid* was lost sight of two hours after starting.

Around this time, *Berthon*, the collapsible lifeboat, cutter-rigged, was lowered from the Royal mail steamship *Essequibo* some 200 miles north-west of the north corner of Spain, and sailed the 700 miles across the Bay of Biscay into and up the English Channel.

THREE OF THE BRITISH YACHTS WHICH RACED FOR HOME IN THE TRANSATLANTIC RACE OF 1950: *Cohoe*, *Mokoia* and *Samuel Pepys* seen in close company. Together with the speedy *Gulvain* and *Karin III*, they took part in the race from Bermuda to Plymouth, a distance of 2,870 miles, and on corrected time the victory went to little *Cohoe*, the smallest boat in the race. Adlard Coles had previously taken *Cohoe* across the Atlantic to compete in the Newport-Bermuda race, and because his boat was insufficiently long to comply with the rules, he had gone to the trouble and expense of putting a false bow on her. For the subsequent transatlantic race this bow was removed. All three boats were driven to the utmost on the Atlantic crossing, the only limiting factor being the endurance of the crews.

THE "DIABLESSE," THE "LANDFALL" AND THE "TYPHOON," THREE SAILING-BOATS IN WHICH UFFA FOX HAS CROSSED THE WESTERN OCEAN: *Diablesse*, a schooner of 40 ft. waterline, made the voyage from Cowes to New York and Halifax via the North-East Trades and Bermuda in 1923. *Landfall*, a 60-ft. ketch, came eastward from Newport, Rhode Island, to Plymouth in the transatlantic race of 1933, gaining fourth place. *Typhoon*, a ketch of 35 ft., went from Cowes to New York via the Azores and the North-East Trades in 1920. Uffa Fox emphasizes that these voyages gave him a knowledge of the Atlantic and its weather, but he does not claim any special importance in relation to those voyages or point to those voyages as landmarks in the history of sail.

These are but a few of the long voyages made by wonderful seamen before 1900, and it will be noted that not one of these is a yacht—they are lifeboats, rafts and fishing-boats, developed to suit the sea by seamen and handled by seamen as, so far, yachtsmen have not developed. However, sailing-ships were soon to start their decline and make way for steam and Diesel-driven vessels, and as this gradually happened, so yachtsmen and yacht designers took up the design and construction of sailing-craft for pleasure, and the story of yachting in this way is similar to that of horse-riding. As horses and coaches disappeared as a means of travel, horse-riding for pleasure grew and flourished, and to-day we have far more people hunting and riding than the ordinary person realises.

So it is with yachts, for, though getting smaller and smaller in size, they are getting more and more seaworthy and numerous. Nowadays one sees a remarkable sight each year in the Island Sailing Club's race round the Isle of Wight, with over 150 yachts taking part, each and every one capable of crossing the ocean or sailing round the world, and their crews also being capable of this.

This is true of the coast of all countries who are sea-minded, America, the British Isles, Canada, Denmark, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, etc., and it is quite a normal thing for a small yacht to sail into Cowes from any of these countries, or from such places as Australia and Hong Kong.

To a landsman, the sea divides the earth, but to a seaman it unites it, for once upon it, in his vessel, he can go to the uttermost ends of the earth, if he so desires, as, fortunately, the surface of the earth is three parts water.

Yachtsmen, with their designers, have improved the sailing ability of vessels beyond anything dreamed of by the seamen who once carried all the seaborne trade of the world in sailing-ships.

This is due to many factors—the improved materials we can now work with, the fact that all over the world thousands of yachtsmen and designers are striving to improve the sailing ability of vessels, not one of which has to earn money by carrying large cargoes, all they have to do is to be seaworthy and kind to their crews at sea, and then go as fast as possible. As well as this, all these vessels are of a small size, so enormous sums of money are not risked on experiments, some of which fail, but a great many of which succeed.

THE "NOVA ESPERO" NEARS THE END OF HER VOYAGE IN THE SUMMER OF 1949: The 20-ft. cutter seen from the air as Stanley Smith and his brother Colin, sons of the coxswain of Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) lifeboat, approached Dartmouth, forty-three days out from Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Smiths arrived in England to receive an overwhelming reception, starting at the Eddystone, where their father and mother came out by boat to greet them. Last year Stanley Smith again crossed the Atlantic in the *Nova Espero*, taking with him a schoolmaster friend, Charles Violet. This time they beat to westward, and endured much hardship before reaching America. There were rumours at one time that they had been lost at sea.

One hundred years ago a square-rigged ship embayed, could not hope to fight her way out of the bay once the wind blew hard enough for her to reef down, as the windage in her spars and rigging was so great and the drive in her close-reefed sails so little, that she was unable to fight her way out to windward. For though she could still point to windward, her leeway, added to the fact that in such a gale all the top surface of the sea is being driven to leeward, spelt disaster for her and a great many of them only saved themselves by anchoring on a dead lee shore.

In a chapter on anchors in my book *Sailing, Seamanship and Yacht Construction*, I described such a situation.

"'Anchor, Hardy, anchor! . . . Do you anchor, Hardy?' Captain Hardy then said: 'Shall we make the signal, sir?' 'Yes,' answered Nelson, 'for if I live, I'll anchor.'" Nelson's last command was an entreaty, and, coming from our greatest seaman and fighter, whose foresight and judgment were never at fault, should have been carried out, for had this dying command and wish been obeyed, we should have had, as a result of Trafalgar, nineteen prizes instead of only four. The rest foundered or were driven ashore by the gale that came on.

Nelson, with his seaman's instinct, knew that a westerly gale was brewing, and that our fighting ships and prizes would have so much of their rigging shot away that they could never hold off the shore sailing. It is a known fact that once these ships shortened sail they did not make an inch to windward because of their enormous windage. The state of the fleet can be gauged by that of the *Africa* (64 guns), which had her main topsail-yard shot away, and her bowsprit, while her three lower masts were so badly hit that none of the latter could afterwards stand. Her remaining masts and yards were more or less injured; her rigging and sails cut to pieces, and her hull, besides

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THE LIFE-RAFT "NONPAREIL" ON HER MEMORABLE VENTURE IN 1867: This life-raft, built of three india-rubber, waterproof cigar-shaped cylinders 25 ft. long and 30 ft. in diameter, made the Atlantic crossing in forty-three days. Above the cylinders was erected a wooden staging 21 ft. by 12 ft. 6 ins., and on this was set *Nonpareil's* schooner rig.

PAUL MUELLER AND HIS DAUGHTER AGA SET OUT FROM FALMOUTH UPON A TRAGIC VOYAGE: In their boat, the *Berlin*, they were making their way from Germany, where the Muellers lived in the Soviet Zone, to South America, where they hoped to settle down. The Muellers left Falmouth in December 1949, and at first made good progress. They made the 1,000-mile voyage from Portugal to Las Palmas in eight days and, after taking on stores, left for Sierra Leone, last port of call before attempting the crossing to the South American coast. Mueller died during the voyage and his daughter was brought to England. He had a lifelong interest in the sea, and once took a boat singlehanded across the Atlantic.

LITTLE SHIPS ACROSS THE BROAD ATLANTIC

(*Concluded from previous page*)

its other serious damage had received several shots between wind and water.

To add to the peril of our fleet and their nineteen prizes, the ships were in 13 fathoms of water, with the shoals of Trafalgar a few miles to leeward. Four prizes, all 74-gun ships, weathered the gale that came on. Of these the *San Ildefonso*, the *Swiftsure* and the *Bahama* anchored and rode out the gale, while the *San Juan-Nepomuceno*, which was not disabled, was safe in the offing before the gale reached its strength.

So Nelson's dying command, "Anchor, Hardy, Anchor!" shows that these ships could, and did, rely on their anchors to hold them off a lee shore in the teeth of an onshore gale. From my youth up I've looked at the *Victory*, with her enormous windage, and then at her anchors, and have wondered that such small things could hold such an amount of masts, spars and cordage against the gale.

A modern yacht of to-day has half her total weight in the form of a lead keel. This enables her to stand up and be driven hard to windward and, generally speaking, the only limit of this is the endurance of her crew, and a modern vessel can be driven with full sail, where the older sailing-ship would be reefed right down, and then, because of the fine lines of the modern yacht, she will work her way to windward in a way undreamed of by our forefathers.

All of which explains why so many small vessels to-day cross our oceans and yet little or no notice is taken of them.

Our heritage is the sea, and our country depends at all times on its seamen, and always will. Therefore it is pleasant to read and dwell on the innumerable exploits of small yachts, handled as they are by superb seamen—may their tribe increase.

ATLANTIC VOYAGERS OF RECENT YEARS

Some Varied Craft Which Made the Crossing in 1950 and 1951

"VERTUE XXXV" BOWLING ALONG IN A STIFF BREEZE ON NEARING THE AMERICAN COAST: This picture was taken in June 1950 from the coastguard cutter *Castle Rock* a few hours before the 25-ft. sloop, with two middle-aged Britons aboard, made fast in the United States Naval Yard at Brooklyn after crossing the Atlantic under her own sail in fifty-six days, starting from Lymington, Hants. *Vertue XXXV* was manned by Mr. H. D. E. Barton, of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, and his sixty-four-year-old companion, Mr. K. M. O'Riordan. Mr. Barton was anxious to prove by his voyage that a well-designed modern yacht is capable of working windward over long distances and withstanding any weather. This he triumphantly succeeded in doing, reaching New York in an elapsed time of forty-seven days after leaving Weymouth, his last port of call on the English coast, where he was temporarily stormbound.

A WHIPPET OF THE WESTERN OCEAN: The handsome British racing yacht *Gulvain* being made ready for shipment to America aboard the *American Clipper* before she took part in the Newport-Bermuda race and the subsequent Atlantic race. *Gulvain* showed herself to be a wonderful boat in fresh breezes, and in the transatlantic race she skated home in front of all her rivals to win the Bermuda Yacht Club trophy for the first boat home. She made the crossing from Bermuda to Plymouth in eighteen days, logging 1,000 miles in five days.

On right—

THE MAN WHO SAILED ALONE AND THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO SEE THE WORLD: Ottilio Frayao seated between a Portuguese Customs official and Edward Allcard on the deck of Mr. Allcard's 8-ton yawl, *The Temptress*, in the Azores. Miss Frayao later stowed away, accompanying the would-be lone voyager to Casablanca.

THE CATAMARAN WHICH MADE SEA HISTORY IN 1951—THE FIRST TWIN-HULLED CRAFT TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC ARRIVING AT PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI, AFTER THIRTY-ONE DAYS AT SEA: The catamaran was built by Jacques Gall, a Frenchman from a village near Cannes. The vessel has steel hulls, and twin Diesel motors. It sleeps eight, and according to Gall, rides the sea like an ocean liner even in the worst of Atlantic gales. The twin hulls undoubtedly minimise rolling and pitching, but this means a very big sacrifice of speed for comfort.

"KARIN III" DOCKS IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPERS: In April-May 1950 this 42-ft. gaff-headed cutter—"a fat little old lady," as a member of her five-man crew described her—crossed the Atlantic under sail from Poole, Dorset, to New York, covering a distance of 4,200 miles in seventy-two days and riding out a great gale in the Bay of Biscay. *Karin III*, which fared well despite losing her two jibs, made the Atlantic crossing in order to take part in the Newport-Bermuda yacht race. An account of her voyaging, including her race back across the Atlantic, is told by G. C. L. Payne in his book, *Out of Poole* (published by John Murray).

PLYMOUTH IS STILL A CITY OF WIDE OPEN SPACES: This view looking down New George Street (formerly Frankfort Street) shows on the left the offices of the *Western Morning News*, which survived the blitz, and on the right the new buildings of Woolworth's store. 114 acres out of a total of 193 acres of Plymouth were obliterated by bombs, and as the rubble was being cleared, Mr. J. Paton Watson, the City Engineer, and Sir Patrick Abercrombie replanned the city. Reconstruction has been in progress some years, the first new buildings being the neighbourhood units on the outskirts. Only now is work being pushed ahead in the centre of the city.

RE-BUILDING BLITZED PLYMOUTH

A CITY, WITH 114 ACRES OBLITERATED BY BOMBS, WHICH IS BEING RECONSTRUCTED ON NOBLE LINES

LONDONERS still look back across the centuries with a feeling of regret at the great opportunities lost in 1666 when their forebears, acquisitive for gain, jealous of their rights and unmindful of the future, discounted the plans of Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire and built their city anew in the old haphazard fashion.

It is now becoming clear that neither London nor any of the other blitzed cities of Britain is going to repeat that error of the seventeenth century, and among the foremost of the new cities now arising from the ashes created by Hitler's Luftwaffe—foremost perhaps in splendour and imaginativeness of planning—is the ancient seaport city of Plymouth.

SOME OF PLYMOUTH'S WELL-PLANNED NEW HOMES: This aerial view shows new neighbourhood units on the outskirts of the city. In the distance are Kings Tamerton and St. Budeaux. The estates are beautifully sited, taking advantage of the undulating nature of the country, following the contours of the valleys and running gracefully up the hillsides. Each house adds over £5 to Plymouth's rates for the next sixty years.

When Sir Francis Drake was Mayor of Plymouth he is recorded as having said: "It is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same, until it be thoroughly finished, which yieldeth the true glory." Those words have a special significance to-day as the new Plymouth begins to rise from the ashes of the old; for the picture is as yet far from complete, and the "true glory," as envisaged in the plans of Mr. Paton Watson and Sir Patrick Abercrombie, will not be plain to see for several years. What has been done in and around blitzed Plymouth is, however, truly remarkable, as remarkable perhaps as what has been left undone in neighbouring Devonport, the western end of which still languishes in ruin, its rebuilding long delayed by the Admiralty plans for the extension of the Dockyard.

What gives a foretaste of the Plymouth that is to be are the two great parkways which have already been completed, one stretching for nearly a mile through what will be the new city right up to the green sea-girt plateau of the Hoe, and the other bisecting it on an east-west axis. Until recently these parkways have stretched through vast tracts of desolation. But already handsome buildings are beginning to rise along these avenues, and plans for others are in turn coming before the constantly-engaged Reconstruction Committee.

WHERE PLYMOUTH'S NEW CITY CENTRE WILL keeping with the dignity of the West new city. St. Andrew's Church, the mother

THE HANDSOME NEW PEARL ASSURANCE BUILDING RISING ON ROYAL PARADE: On the far side of Royal Parade, which is 150 ft. wide, can be seen some of the temporary "prefab" shops which have been doing duty since the war. The "prefab" shops, in reality American Nissen huts, were in very brisk demand when the Plymouth Council erected them after the blitz, and the tenants of these huts have been satisfied to pay rentals ranging from £500 to £1,500 per annum. New municipal buildings will ultimately occupy the site upon which these huts are at present located.

Plymouth is planned as a city of precincts, and the city centre is to be a cultural precinct of galleries and colleges. There will also be a precinct of offices, a shopping centre, and a civic centre, while the neighbourhood units on the outskirts of the city constitute the residential precincts.

These neighbourhood units or small townships, which form the greater Plymouth, are each self-contained, and they stand on land which it has cost Plymouth £3,000,000 to buy. The houses have been mass-produced and represent a compromise between the architect's æsthetic standards and the financial limitations of the day, but they are all in a pleasant grey or cream, harmonising well with the surrounding landscape and being sited with obvious forethought. The council have laid out five neighbourhood units, comprising 11,000 houses, of which 7,600 are already occupied, but they are still confronted with a waiting-list of as many families. In addition to this, 1,200 destroyed houses have been rebuilt, and the domestic war-damage programme is practically complete. Altogether it is a magnificent conception, this new Plymouth, and one of which the West Country is justly proud. It is a strange reflection that this city, which sent Hawkins to the South Seas, Drake round the world, and the Pilgrim Fathers to America, is now being sought out by men from every country in Europe, architects, who have come to see Plymouth's pattern for a brave new world.

Those who knew the vanished Plymouth will be glad to know that the ancient church of St. Andrew, which has been a symbol of the city's life for over 500 years and which was left a shell by the Second World War, is now in the hands of the restorers. Already the roof has been reinstated. If the City Council can obtain permission to reinstate the neighbouring Guildhall, which was also reduced to a shell, the two buildings will provide a permanent reminder of the old Plymouth, giving a sense of continuity in a city that has known greatness since the golden age of British merchant adventuring.

RISE: Here on Royal Parade, one of the two new roads named by the King, and in the shadow of St. Andrew's Church, will rise in due course a series of buildings in Country's ancient seaport city. The two great parkways, Armada Way and Royal Parade, intersect near St. Andrew's, and this intersection will be the focal-point of the church of Plymouth, was largely destroyed in the blitz, but its tower remained as a symbol of faith for the people of the stricken city. The roof is now reinstated.

MUCH ADO
at the
PHŒNIX THEATRE
John Gielgud's Stratford Production Comes to London

John Gielgud has revived his production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which had a great success at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, in their 1949 and 1950 seasons. There, both Diana Wynyard and John Gielgud played Beatrice and Benedick but in successive seasons and with different partners. Together, at the Phœnix Theatre, they form a brilliant partnership, giving full flavour to the witty, waspish exchanges. This second production of Mr. Gielgud's season is as great a success as his first—*The Winter's Tale*—and is distinguished for its taut production and for the charm and brilliance of Mariano Andreu's scenery and costumes. The cast is a strong one with Sir Lewis Casson as Leonato; Dorothy Tutin as his daughter, Hero; George Rose, a richly comic Dogberry; and Paul Scofield in the relatively subsidiary role of Don Pedro. Music for the production was composed by Leslie Bridgewater and choreography by Pauline Grant. Mr. Gielgud's next production at the Phœnix Theatre will be *Richard II*, with Paul Scofield in the name-part. When it will be done is as yet unsettled owing to the heavy advance bookings for *Much Ado About Nothing*, which already guarantee several months ahead.

"YOU ALWAYS END WITH A JADE'S TRICK; I KNOW YOU OF OLD": Beatrice (Diana Wynyard) rebukes Benedick (John Gielgud) in Gielgud's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which is at the Phœnix Theatre by arrangement with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, where it was originally produced in 1949 and 1950.

"ARE YOU GOOD MEN AND TRUE?": Dogberry addresses the watchmen before giving them their orders. George Rose gives a rich performance as the constable. Right is John Moffatt as Verges.

"IS'T POSSIBLE? SITS THE WIND IN THAT CORNER?" Benedick (John Gielgud, right) overhears Leonato (Sir Lewis Casson), Don Pedro (Paul Scofield) and Claudio (Robert Hardy) in their plot to convince him that Beatrice "loves him with an enraged affection." This is one of the scenes in which John Gielgud is particularly effective as a Shakespearian comedian.

On right—

"DO NOT LIVE, HERO, DO NOT OPE THINE EYES!": The stricken Leonato, who believes the evidence of the plot to dishonour Hero, hatched by the wicked Don John, the bastard, prefers her death to shameful life. Left to right are: Sir Lewis Casson as Leonato; Diana Wynyard as Beatrice; Dorothy Tutin as Hero; George Howe as the Friar; & John Gielgud as Benedick.

THE MAN WHO WROTE THE LYRICS : Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, whose remarkable partnership with Arthur Sullivan and Richard D'Oyly Carte began in 1875. His persistently brilliant exploitation of the humour of topsy-turvydom added the word "Gilbertian" to the English language.

RICHARD D'OYLY CARTE, THE IMPRESARIO : It was in 1875 that he produced Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury* at the Royalty Theatre in London, and from that date until 1899, first at the Opéra-Comique and later at the Savoy, which he built, Carte was associated with the productions of the famous light operas. These cartoons of the great collaborators, by the Victorian cartoonists, Ape and Spy, appear in Leslie Baily's new volume, *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book*, which is to be published by Cassell & Co. on February 14.

THE MAN WHO MADE THE MUSIC : Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose melodic gift combined with the genius of Gilbert so harmoniously upon the stage, although the two men clashed in private life. Sullivan also wrote opera, and his songs, such as "The Lost Chord," enjoyed great popularity.

GILBERT, SULLIVAN AND CARTE—THE SAVOY TRIUMVIRATE

Some New Assessments of a Unique Partnership which Made Theatrical History in the Last Century, Creating a Tradition which Persists To-day as Strongly as Ever

By W. A. DARLINGTON
(AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN")

AS the years flow by, and generation after generation of playgoers produces a new crop of Savoyards, it begins to look as though Gilbert and Sullivan are to add their names to the list of writers for our stage who, having once captured the popular taste, have never let go their hold. It is a very short list, and rather an odd one. The only names on it so far are Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith.

To qualify for this list, dramatists must have three attributes, of which the first and basic one has nothing whatever to do with art. This is, decency.

Popular taste swings constantly backwards and forwards between looseness on the one hand and primness on the other. The only plays that can survive both extremes must be clean enough not to offend a prim generation, and yet such "good theatre" that they do not bore a smutty-minded one. Shakespeare passes this test, with a bit of a push from Dr. Bowdler at one ticklish moment. In spite of his frank Elizabethan vocabulary, he is essentially clean-minded. Proverbially, "it 's all right if it 's Shakespeare"; the Bard is outside this rule as he is outside all others. As for Sheridan and Goldsmith, they had the luck to write at a moment when the pendulum, having swung to the limit in the direction of indecency, was travelling back again. The playgoers of the 1770's did not like dirt, and Sheridan's first production as manager of Drury Lane was a cleaned-up version of Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, made by himself under the title of *A Trip to Scarborough*.

Gilbert and Sullivan are at one with Sheridan here. They, too, entered on their work for the stage as reformers, setting out deliberately to give their public something better than the vulgarities of Gaiety burlesque. They laid down for themselves a strict code of stage conduct. In the comic operas they proposed to write no men should be dressed as women (though it might be all right if it were Shakespeare) or women as men. No actress would be required to wear a dress that she could not have worn with propriety at a fancy-dress ball. And so on. Certainly, so far as the basic condition is concerned, Gilbert and Sullivan are strong candidates for the list.

But what of the other two necessary attributes? These, as I see them, are a sense of the theatre amounting to genius (which every greatly successful dramatist can be assumed to have); and a universality of approach which enables a man to create, in the idiom of his own time, characters recognisable to the playgoers of succeeding and very different ages.

This last quality Shakespeare had in a supreme degree, and Goldsmith so far as he went; both created characters who came to life. Sheridan had it in a different way, the way of a very young man with a sharp eye and a quick mind. Not much heart has gone to the making of his people, but in the artificial world he has invented for them they ring true. And this lets Gilbert and Sullivan in. For the characters in their operas, living in an even more artificial world, ring true in just the same way. Joseph Surface, an absurd person in himself, yet stands as the type of the smug hypocrite; just as Reginald Bunthorne, caricature of a silly cult long vanished, stands as the type of the artistic charlatan.

SOUVENIR OF A NIGHT TO REMEMBER IN THEATRICAL HISTORY—THE START OF THE GREAT COLLABORATION : This was the title page of the Royalty Theatre programme on March 25, 1875, when Richard D'Oyly Carte, with Madame Selina Dolaro as Directress, presented Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*. As Leslie Baily says in his new volume, *The Gilbert and Sullivan Book*, "*Trial by Jury* was not mere caviare for the Victorian highbrows. The man in the gallery found he could enjoy it too."

Time alone can write in the names of Gilbert and Sullivan on the list; but there seems to be no obvious reason why Time should not do so. They have now come safely through that dangerous period which always threatens the popular favourites of a particular era once that era is done. By sheer continued vitality they are compelling respect from critical opinion; and there is no sign at all that within any foreseeable future they will lose their popular appeal.

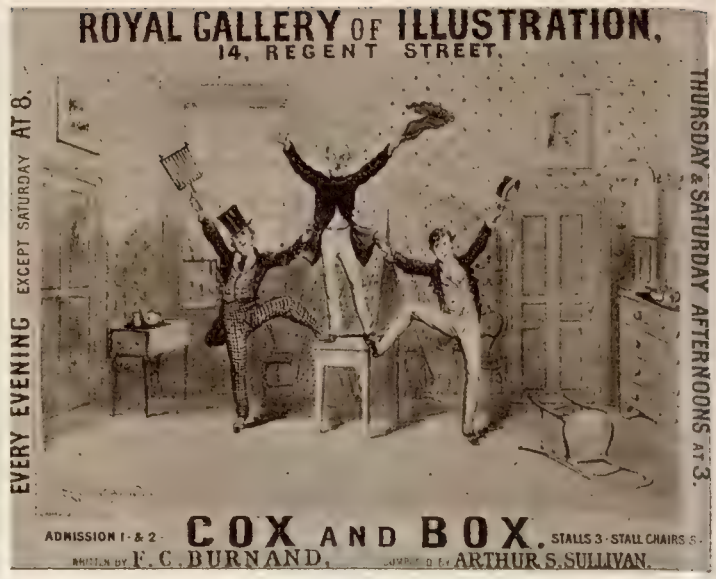
A sign of the times is the marked increase of interest in Gilbert and Sullivan and their joint works which has been displayed in recent years by the public, outside the theatre as well as in it. In 1947, Mr. Leslie Baily wrote a series of biographical broadcasts for the B.B.C., which were eagerly listened to and were repeated far and wide. In 1949, I received an invitation from an American publisher to write him a book designed to fill in the social and political background for the thousands of Gilbert and Sullivan devotees who, while adoring the operas, had very little notion what they were about; and that book, now published in Britain, proves to fill a need here also. Early this year Mr. Arthur Jacobs contributed to the "World of Music" Series a study which, while necessarily concerning itself chiefly with Sullivan's contribution to the partnership, assigns to Gilbert an importance within that contribution which music critics of earlier generations would have denied him. And now, Mr. Baily breaks new ground with a large volume (*The Gilbert and Sullivan Book*. Cassell. 42s.) based on his broadcasts, but containing a great deal of hitherto unpublished biographical detail, all of it interesting and some of it important to those who want to know how the Gilbert-Sullivan-D'Oyly Carte triumvirate worked, and how much was whose fault when they fell out. For instance, some newly-discovered letters of Carte's go strongly to show that in the famous Carpet Quarrel, Carte was not the villain of the piece which a previous biographer, Mr. Hesketh Pearson, believed him to be.

One characteristic which all the more recent writers on Gilbert and Sullivan have in common is a refusal to be drawn into the old controversy which of the two partners contributed more to the partnership. They have arrived at an amicable agreement that the two men are an indivisible artistic entity, Gilbert-and-Sullivan, which produced works of genius. Take these two men apart, and you have a pair of individuals of high talent who stood at the head of their respective professions in their own time, but have proved to have little to say separately that posterity wants to hear. A little

(*Concluded on following pages*)

THE CHAPEL ROYAL CHORISTERS: The handsome youth standing by the chair was Arthur Sullivan. The seated boy is believed to have been his brother Fred. Sullivan had a good educational grounding. The choristers had their own boarding-school.

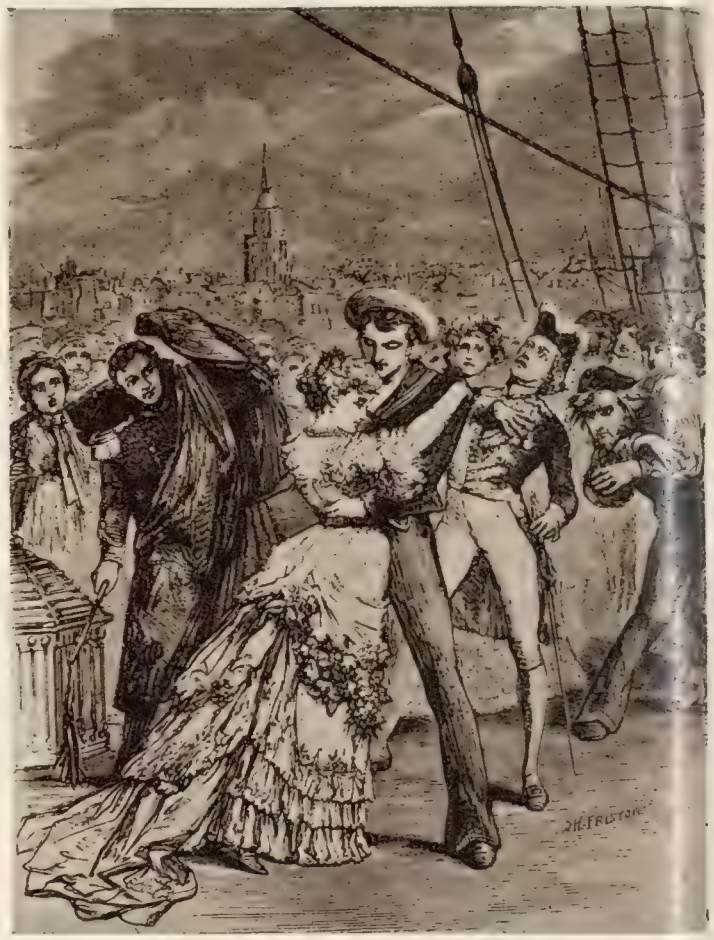
GEORGE GROSSMITH IN 1877—ONE OF THE GREAT EXPONENTS OF THE GILBERTIAN STYLE: He really began his career with Gilbert and Sullivan in *The Sorcerer*, taking the part of J. W. Wells and whisking blithely round the stage with his absurd teapot full of the love potion.



SULLIVAN'S FIRST PLAYBILL, NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF MISS BRIDGET D'OYLY CARTE: *Cox and Box*, written by F. C. Burnand, who later became editor of *Punch*, and composed by Arthur Sullivan, was presented for the first time in 1867 at a private party in London. This playbill dates from two years later. In the first private production George du Maurier played Box. *Cox and Box* is still in the repertory of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, serving as a curtain-raiser to one of the shorter operas.

GILBERT, SULLIVAN AND CARTE—THE SAVOY TRIUMVIRATE: Some Aspects of the Great Tradition

MR. AND MRS. GILBERT ON BOARD THE "CHLORIS" WITH SOME OF THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS: Gilbert bought *Chloris*, a 110-ton yawl, for £5,000. The boat was built by John Harvey, father of the actor, Sir John Martin-Harvey. Gilbert was always a good host, even if somewhat gruff in his manner, and whether on his yacht or at his country home at Grim's Dyke, Victorian elegance ruled the day. At his garden-parties, bishops, judges, statesmen, actors and actresses rubbed shoulders. Staying in Gilbert's house "was like living in a literary firework factory," wrote Rutland Barrington, and there was, in fact, never a dull or wasted moment.



"H.M.S. PINAFORE," THE GILBERTIAN BURLESQUE OF NAVAL OCCASIONS: This is a contemporary artist's impression of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, the light opera which probably had its origin on a visit to Portsmouth when Gilbert lunched aboard the *Thunderer* with Lord Charles Beresford and afterwards went round the ship. Gilbert, it was said, was nervous about the success of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and frequently sat up re-writing until two and three in the morning. Three weeks before the first performance he was still revising it.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

of Sullivan's serious music is still played; nothing of Gilbert's is read except his *Bab Ballads*. Only the Savoy Operas are still alive, and neither man could have produced these without the other. This fact has been neatly phrased more than once. Francis Toye said that the vinegar of Gilbert was necessary to mix with the oil of Sullivan before the musical dressing could be truly mixed; Mr. Hesketh Pearson put it that if Sullivan had been a woman he would have made Gilbert a very good wife.

Mr. Pearson's remark strikes the deeper. After all, vinegar and oil are passive substances which do not mix of their own volition, while husband and wife are together engaged in creation. And the more one studies the comparison, the clearer is it that Gilbert's share in the partnership was that of the husband, sure of himself and knowing exactly what he was about, while Sullivan's was that of a rather spoilt darling who had had her head turned by flattery, and thought she might have done better for herself if she had married somebody else—and found that most of her friends were ready to agree with her.

To read a book like Mr. Baily's is to be reminded all over again how very certain everybody was at the time that Sullivan was demeaning himself, even selling his artistic soul, by setting light music to Gilbert's libretti instead of adding to his output of serious—by which everybody meant solemn—music. Sullivan himself was convinced of it, and even Gilbert admitted it by implication. After the first performance of Sullivan's oratorio *The Martyr of Antioch* at the Leeds Festival of 1880, Gilbert, who had written the words, wrote to Sullivan of "the honour of being associated, however remotely and unworthily, in a success which, I suppose, will endure until music itself shall die." How surprised he would have been if some prophet had told him that in 1952 a music critic like Mr. Jacobs would be writing that Gilbert, by forcing Sullivan to give play to his natural gaiety and humour, and so heading him away from the solemn stuff which is the side of Sullivan which modern musicians cannot abide, had given him his real chance of immortality.

This idea that Sullivan was a much more important artist than Gilbert has led to an anomalous tradition which endures to this day up and down Fleet Street, that while most light musical productions, however ambitious, are in the drama critic's province, Gilbert and Sullivan counts as opera, and is passed to the music critic as a matter of course. (I have been chief drama critic of the *Daily Telegraph* now for over thirty years, and in all that time I have paid only one official visit to the D'Oyly Carte Company.) This does not matter nowadays, since the music critics now writing have got the partnership in perspective and give Gilbert his due. It did matter twenty-five years ago, when the general impression given by the Press notices was that an ever-youthful and sprightly Sullivan was being dragged down to premature oblivion by the dead weight of an out-moded and moribund Gilbert.

Those, indeed, were critical days in every sense for Savoy Opera, when the D'Oyly Carte Company's visits to London were rather of the hole-and-corner order, and even the newly-formed and completely devoted Gilbert and Sullivan Society flirted with the idea—though only to reject it with horror after debate—that the dialogue and the topical lyrics would soon have to be rewritten if the works as a whole were to survive. The trouble was, of course, that instead of being treated as the period pieces they already were, the operas were thought of as elderly contemporaries with one foot firmly in the grave and the other seen to join it soon. This trouble always besets the popular favourite sooner or later. It can only be cured, as a rule, by a drastic operation, which managers always put off for fear of killing the patient—the frank transformation of a reputedly modern piece into a confessed relic of a past age. We have seen this operation performed with successful results of late years on several of Oscar Wilde's plays, as well as on *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Charley's Aunt*.

In the case of the Savoy Operas, the operation had not to be very drastic. In their settings and dresses, most of them were period pieces at the time of their production. The Navy of *H.M.S. Pinafore* was the

THIS WAS THE PLAYBILL FOR SULLIVAN'S FIRST COMIC OPERA: The words were by F. C. Burnand, the future editor of *Punch*, but the names of neither composer nor author appears on this playbill. *Contrabandista* was described as an "illustration," the polite word in Victorian days for a musical comedy, a form of entertainment which had at that time got a bad name owing to the vulgarities of pantomime.

GILBERT'S PENCIL SKETCH OF HIS WIFE AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE: Lucy Turner was the daughter of an officer in the Indian Army. Miss Turner was a dainty little creature, with fair hair and blue eyes, a marked contrast to Gilbert.

THE NEWLY-WEDS: Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert after their marriage in 1867. Comparatively little is known about the private life of Gilbert, for his diary entries are brief and, for the most part, unemotional. In his new book, Leslie Baily comments on the Gilberts as making a splendid-looking pair as they walked abroad in Kensington, where they lived, first in Eldon Road and later at Essex Villas.

masts-and-sails Navy of the early nineteenth century; *The Pirates of Penzance* brings eighteenth-century pirates face to face with strictly up-to-date policemen; *Iolanthe* dates itself in the past by a remark of the Queen of the Fairies that she has a borough for Straphon, for pocket boroughs had long been abolished when she first made the offer. *The Sorcerer, Princess Ida, The Mikado, Ruddigore, The Yeoman of the Guard* and *The Gondoliers* are all costume pieces. Only *Patience* and *Utopia Limited* have a contemporary date to grow out of, and *Utopia* does not affect the issue, since it has never been revived.

What was necessary to affix the "period" label to Gilbert and Sullivan was not so much a change of method in the production of their work, as a change of heart in their critics and their audiences. All the same, this change of heart was helped on by the decision, taken after the First World War and carried out in the following years, to have new designs and dresses for all the operas. This made a welcome break in a tradition whose rigidity was becoming a by-word, and from that time onwards there was a growing readiness to look on the operas not as potential corpses but as potential classics; also, there was a revived appreciation of Gilbert's share in the work.

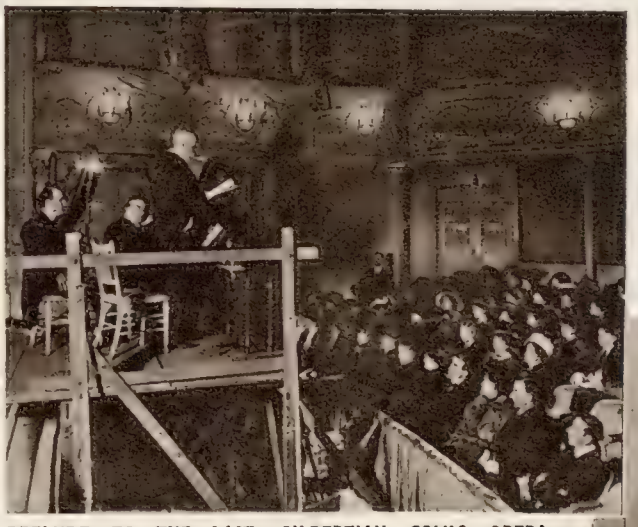
To-day, when the youngest of the operas still in the regular repertory is more than 60 years old and the popularity of the whole body of them seems undiminished and undiminishable, it is plain that Gilbert is as much alive in the compositions—almost in the music—as Sullivan. It was Gilbert's verse, his uniquely singable verse, which set the tone and the mood for what some musicians, even in Sullivan's own times, knew was his best music (it is on record that Dame Ethel Smyth told him flatly that his masterpiece was not *The Golden Legend* but *The Mikado*, and that he was not at all pleased). It was Gilbert's amazing mastery of rhythm, for a counterpart to which Professor Saintsbury had to look back across the ages to Aristophanes, which inspired Sullivan to his most brilliant and subtle variations. It is not necessary any longer to be a Gilbert man or a Sullivan man; one is a Gilbert-and-Sullivan man or nothing.

Mr. Baily, in his book, is certainly neither a Gilbert man nor a Sullivan man. If anything, he is a D'Oyly Carte man; for his researches among Carte correspondence never before published enable him to give a much fuller and more attractive portrait of the manager than has appeared hitherto. There is new material here about both Gilbert and Sullivan, too, for Mr. Baily has had access to private papers in each case.

His method of presentation is original, and is obviously based on that of the radio script already mentioned. He gives a stream of facts, marshalled so closely in chronological order that he is able to use dates as his chapter-headings. This stream he constantly feeds with any facts that are relevant in any form that comes handy—scraps of dialogue, quotations from books, extracts and facsimile illustrations from letters (including the envelope which contained one of Rachel Scott Russell's love-letters to Sullivan), photographs, cartoons, play-bills, Gilbert's drawings, Sullivan's scores, Gilbert's plot-books, Sullivan's diaries, programmes, accounts of Savoy expenses, portraits of Savoy favourites, and some extremely well-produced coloured plates.

All this is, of course, held in position and made coherent by a written text, but this, too, bears very obvious signs of having originated in a radio script—it has a colloquial flavour which shows that its author meant it to be spoken rather than read. The whole effect is of one of those scrapbooks in which people who have the patience and are handy with the paste-pot keep records of the major events of their lives. It is a more than usually handsome and exceptionally well-documented scrapbook, and it deals comprehensively with a number of important lives. It can hardly be said to have any literary form at all; but it tells a fascinating story in a peculiarly graphic way.

THE LATER YEARS OF MARRIAGE: In this picture, taken at Grim's Dyke, Mr. Gilbert is standing in front of his Darracq rather like a hunter standing over the lion he has just accounted for. Mrs. Gilbert is seated in the car (left) with her friend Miss Nancy McIntosh. Gilbert kept four motor-cars and two chauffeurs.



PRELUDE TO THE LAST GILBERTIAN COMIC OPERA: Sir W. S. Gilbert reading his new comic opera to members of the cast at the Savoy Theatre in 1909. Behind him sat Edward German, the great composer, and C. H. Workman, the manager of the theatre. The show was a failure, and one of the critics declared that the libretto was "both fitful and anæmic."

"YOU HOLD YOURSELF LIKE THIS": This photograph was taken during the original production of *Patience* in 1881. Gilbert's target in *Patience* was not limited to the literary æsthetes, Wilde and company, but also the pre-Raphaelite painters also so much in the news.

D'OYLY CARTE TOURS

The Provinces See the Famous Light Operas

Though they were all produced during the reign of Victoria, the Savoy operas are in no way Victorian in the narrow sense of the term. They are not period pieces, but live because, like Shakespeare's work itself, they touch the universals of life. It is because of this, beyond doubt, that their popularity persists, as witness the tremendous enthusiasm evoked at the Savoy Theatre during the Festival productions last year.

Now the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is engaged on a tour of the provinces. It is just finishing a fortnight at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford and later in the tour will be seen in a fortnightly repertory at Exeter (starting March 24), Bristol (April 7), Coventry (April 28), Oxford, Birmingham, Southsea and Brighton.

"A GREENERY, YELLERY, GROSVENOR GALLERY FOOT IN THE GRAVE, YOUNG MAN": Henry Lytton as Bunthorne, the poet. Many wondered at the time of the first production how Gilbert and Sullivan dared go before the public with this comic opera.

DRIVING FROM CLARENCE HOUSE TO LONDON AIRPORT: Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh seen in their car as they set out at the start of the Royal tour which is taking them to East Africa, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, and will occupy in all five months. The tour will end at Auckland on June 10, when Princess Elizabeth and the Duke will sail for home in the liner *Gothic*, returning via the Panama Canal.

OFF ON THE ROYAL TOUR

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE PREMIER BID GOOD-BYE TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

While the success of the Canadian tour was still fresh in mind, and after a comparatively brief halt for recuperation, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh set out last week on the second of their Commonwealth tours—one that is taking them right across the world, touching upon East Africa, upon the new dominion of Ceylon, at the southern tip of the Indian sub-continent, and reaching its climax in Australia and New Zealand. As befitting this modern age of high-speed travel, the start of the tour was at London Airport, and on these pages are shown the departure scenes on Thursday of last week as the B.O.A.C. *Atalanta* set out for Kenya. A crowd of 3,000 people, including 500 children, gathered at London Airport for the occasion, and they saw the King, looking fit and well, waving fondly as the airliner gathered pace down the runway. The Queen and Princess Margaret, standing beside him, were seen to be blowing kisses.

At the time of writing, the Princess and the Duke are in Kenya. On February 7 they were due to join the liner *Gothic* at Mombasa, for the journey across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon. At Colombo on February 16 the Princess will open the Colombo Plan Exhibition, and on February 21, after a week on the island, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will embark for Australia. Western Australia will be reached on March 1, Adelaide on March 7, Victoria on March 17, New South Wales on April 1, and Canberra on April 15. Then, after a visit to Queensland, comes the New Zealand part of the tour and the trip home, again in the *Gothic*, via Pitcairn Island and the Panama Canal.

On right—

THE ROUSING SEND-OFF AT LONDON AIRPORT: Crowds waving to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as they were escorted to the plane which took them on the first part of their journey right across the world.

THEY CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE: *Left*—Mr. Winston Churchill leaving the plane after conveying the good wishes of the Government to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh for the success of the Royal tour. *Right*—The King and Queen and Princess Margaret leaving the plane. There was a biting cold wind sweeping across the airport, but the King, looking fit and walking briskly, remained bareheaded until the plane left. Prince Charles and Princess Anne remained at Clarence House.

THE LAST MOMENTS AT LONDON AIRPORT: The King walking with the Queen and Princess Margaret. *On right*—Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh standing in the doorway of the plane. Before the take-off the King inspected the B.O.A.C. *Atalanta*. He told Sir Miles Thomas: "This is a magnificent airliner," and added smilingly, "A modern aircraft is certainly a lot different to the stick-and-canvas ones I used to fly."

"BON VOYAGE"—THE ROYAL FAMILY FAREWELLS AT LONDON AIRPORT AS THE B.O.A.C. AIRLINER STARTED ITS RUN: The King and Queen and Princess Margaret are seen with members of their entourage at the moment of departure. As *Atalanta* began her taxi-ing run to the take-off point the Princess's personal standard broke over the plane's forepeak and stretched taut in the wind. The King and Queen and Princess Margaret waited a few moments and then walked back to the airport lounge. The Argonaut had been converted into a flying flat. In the main cabin were two tables and eight chairs. Beds had been made with foam-rubber mattresses and there was a semi-circular lounge fitted with card-tables. The airliner made its first stop at El Adem, Libya. One hour later, it flew on to Nairobi.

THE EGYPTIAN HOLOCAUST

SCENES IN CAIRO AFTER THE FURY OF THE MOB HAD BEEN UNLEASHED

The Moorish dining-room at Shepheard's Hotel, with its glittering domed ceiling and its fountains, is a gaunt ruin, and the grill-room, recently decorated at a cost of £20,000, has disappeared.

On every hand Cairo bears the marks of a blitzed city, and to walk through the centre of it the pedestrian has had to avoid pavements carpeted with shattered glass and roadways filled with rubble.

Slowly business has been resumed in Cairo, but throughout last week few shops were open. No entertainments were offered, except in some of the Arabic cinemas which played to half-full houses in the afternoon.

By last week-end, however, there were rising hopes of a settlement of Anglo-Egyptian differences, and there was a notable easing of tension.

Aly Maher Pasha, the new Prime Minister replacing the intransigent Nahas Pasha, declared after the first meeting of his new Cabinet that "Egyptian foreign policy will be based on the fullest possible co-operation with the Arab League and friendly relations with Britain on a footing of equality." At the same time his Minister of the Interior let it be known that 800 people had been arrested as a result of the Cairo riots.

Meanwhile in the Canal Zone, notably at Ismailia, signs are not wanting of calmer days ahead; while at Port Said, which has been paralysed by the strike since mid-October, some of the port workers have already resumed their duties. One report stated that pressure to secure a return to work had been brought by the Egyptian Government acting within its rights under martial law.

THE MOB GROWS RESTIVE ON A DAY THAT CULMINATED IN RIOTING, ARSON AND PILLAGE: This picture was taken as Egyptian police sought to control the anti-British demonstrators who gathered in the heart of Cairo. Details of the brutality and savagery let loose in the streets of Cairo were not generally known in London until several days after the holocaust—the Egyptians having instituted a censorship. In the Turf Club ten Britons, one of them over eighty, were tortured, mutilated and murdered by the mob, who broke the main door down with a battering-ram.

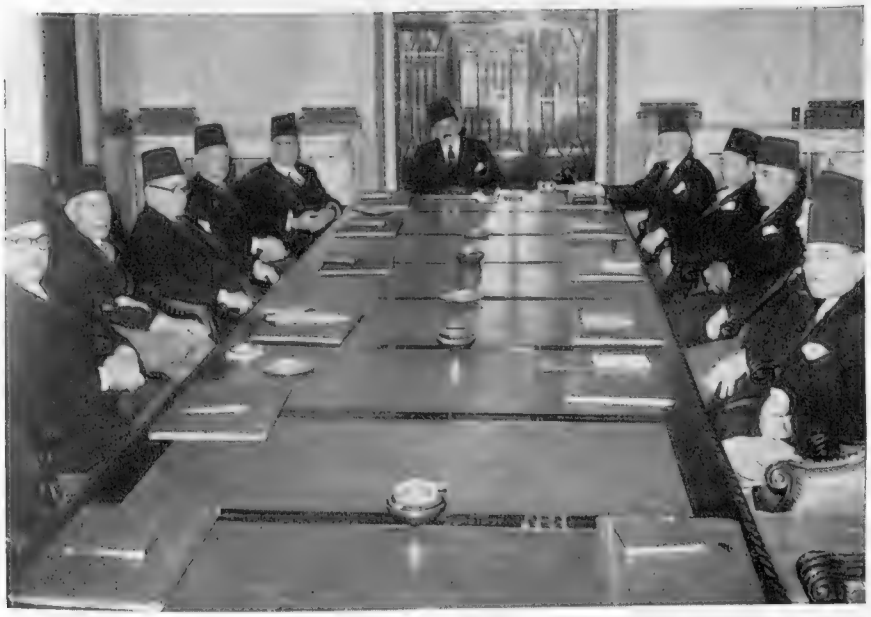
ARMED WITH REVOLVERS, CARBINES AND STICKS: Some of the demonstrators seen as they thronged the centre of Cairo. The situation became so out of hand that King Farouk had no alternative but to declare martial law. It was after this that he dismissed the Premier, Nahas Pasha, and appointed Aly Maher Pasha, an ally of the Palace.

THIS FIRE-GUTTED SHELL IS HOW SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, USED BY KINGS, MILLIONAIRES AND THOUSANDS OF TOURISTS, APPEARED AFTER EGYPTIAN THUGS HAD SET IT ON FIRE: The buildings set on fire during the riots also included the head office in Egypt of Barclays Bank, the British Overseas Airways Corporation offices, four cinemas, several petrol stations and several night-clubs. Damage in Cairo was estimated at 10 million Egyptian pounds. More than twenty people were killed and 200 hurt and central Cairo took on the appearance of a blitzed city. The British Embassy broadcast appeals every hour for missing Britons.

THERE WAS A SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL IN CAIRO MANY YEARS BEFORE THE SUEZ CANAL WAS OPENED—NOW IT IS REDUCED TO A RUIN BY THE FURY OF THE MOB: Shepheard's, one of Egypt's best foreign-currency earners, had 400 bedrooms and 200 bathrooms.

AFTERMATH OF THE ISMAILIA BATTLE: An Egyptian police officer and two of his wounded comrades being taken under British armed escort to a waiting ambulance, following the battle in which British troops disarmed and captured over 800 auxiliary police who refused to surrender to General Erskine's men.

E DAY ON WHICH CAIRO WAS A SEETHING MOB: Police and demonstrators crowding one of the city streets in the central area round the Turf Club, the Metro Cinema, Shepheard's Hotel, the Savoy Continental and the Casino Badia. The mob made their first attack on the Turf Club, using a battering-ram.



THE NEWLY-APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER MEETS THE PRESS: Aly Maher Pasha, who has been Prime Minister twice before and once formed a Cabinet of independents, seen talking with journalists after he had taken over the reins of government following the dismissal of Nahas Pasha. Within a very short while of being appointed, Aly Maher Pasha announced his Cabinet. *On left*—THE NEW EGYPTIAN ADMINISTRATION: Aly Maher Pasha seen at the head of the Cabinet table with his colleagues ranged on each side. The dismissal of the Wafd Cabinet of Nahas Pasha was a surprise move emanating from the Palace, and was in part interpreted as an expression of the personal rivalry of King Farouk and Nahas Pasha, whom the King had dismissed on previous occasions.

A MESSAGE FROM MONTE CARLO

Some Aspects of the British Triumph in the Motor Rally—A Long-Delayed Victory

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THOSE of us who were lucky enough to be at Monte Carlo on the last Sunday in January were able to recapture the great thrill to which some of us had been treated in another part of France—Le Mans—last June. In that summer month Britain won France's classic 24-hour road race with one of the new competition models of the Jaguar XK 120.

Now, at Monte Carlo, British cars and drivers have "done it again" and given further spectacular proof to the whole wide world that no one can build better touring cars than we can, and that no country has better drivers. For this year's Monte Carlo Rally was the most gruelling, the most cruelly punishing for man and machine, since before the war. And that is a fact that adds lustre to the first British victory for twenty-one years in this famous trial.

It fell to one of the British motor industry's "little men" to gain this long-delayed win, and no one deserves the honour more richly than Sidney Allard, who was driving a car of his own make. What is more, no win could have been more popular. When I describe Sidney as a "little man" I do so only in regard to the size of his firm in relation to that of, say, the industry's "Big Six," for he has never built more than 500 cars a year in his little London factory.

In no other sense is Sidney a little man. He stands 6 ft.-plus, has the courage of a lion and is one of the biggest-hearted men in motor sport to-day. It shows what kind of man he is when I tell you that as soon as he reached Monaco at the end of his grim, 2,000-miles non-stop run from Glasgow, and after battling through hundreds of miles of fog and snow over icy roads through the Auvergne Mountains and the Maritime Alps, he jumped into another Allard and immediately drove off to practise on the 47-miles mountain circuit just outside Monte Carlo, over which the all-important regularity test was held.

For Sidney knew that very few other competitors were likely to get through to Monte Carlo without loss of marks—there were, in fact, only sixteen out of the 328 starters—and he realised that the Rally would be won or lost by split-second timing on that eliminating test up over the 3,000-ft.-high Col de Braus. He knew that every time he went round the circuit on a practice trip he would enormously increase his chances of victory. For it is an extremely tricky course, with numerous hairpin bends, including the fantastic Lacets.

There were two known time controls along the course and one secret one, with its location known only to M. Antony Noghes, chief organiser of the Rally. Incidentally, I asked M. Noghes if it were true that certain suspicious British competitors had requested him to write down the location of the secret control and deposit it in a safe.

Now the reason this step had been suggested was that there were actually three secret time-checks out on the circuit, two of them as a "blind" so that competitors would be unable to guess which was the real one. When certain British competitors realised this they felt that the organisers, to avoid any possibility of their being accused of jiggery-pokery, should deposit a description of the vital control in a place where it would not be touched until after the test.

M. Noghes told me he had not been so approached but that in any case he had, in effect, done precisely that. We were at the starting-point and he pointed to a gentleman wearing a black cloak, a green pork-pie hat and with a Leica camera slung round his neck. "That 's M. René Baken, the chief Belgian delegate," he said. "In his pocket is a sealed envelope containing the location of the secret control which I alone know."

These three controls—two known, one secret—divided the course into four sections and in addition to maintaining an average speed of precisely 28 m.p.h. all round the course, the fifty cars which qualified for the test had to be dead on time at the end of each section. For every second they were early or late at any of these points they lost one mark. The test would have been difficult enough even in good weather and with dry road surfaces. Competitors had devised some very elaborate timing systems, worked out to a fifth of every kilometre covered. Most of them knew at what time, to a fraction of a second, they should be at a particular kilometre post.

THE BRITISH TRIUMPH AT MONTE CARLO: Stirling Moss (left, centre) greets Sidney Allard following their success in the Rally, which proved a great triumph for Britain, five British cars occupying leading places in the first six. On the right are Allard's co-drivers and the winning Allard car, and on the left are Moss's men and the Sunbeam-Talbot they helped him to drive into second place.

Most of these systems depended on the car's speedometer, and in the event the severe wheel-spin suffered by every car on the snow which covered nearly a third of the entire course upset their calculations very badly. Also, many of the kilometre posts were completely obliterated by the snow. The true merit of Sidney Allard's performance must be judged against this background of timing difficulty as well as the need for superb driving. Sidney was lucky to have with him as co-drivers Guy Warburton, of Manchester, and Tom Lush, who works for Mr. Allard. In addition to their help, Sidney himself was able to keep a pretty close check on his progress by the use of two huge dials on the facia in front of him. One had a second hand, the other a pointer geared to the speedometer in such a way that it kept time with the second hand on the other dial when Sidney was doing his 28 m.p.h. His aim was to keep those needles synchronised.

It is incredible to think that in those conditions Sidney lost only a total of 2 mins. 10 secs., costing him 130 marks, especially when you remember that at one point his Allard ran off the road. It went into a bank of snow and cracked up against a hidden wall which buckled his near-front wheel badly. He simply reversed on to the road and started off again.

Perhaps the achievement of twenty-two-year-old Stirling Moss—the only other British competitor to reach Monte Carlo with a clean sheet—in going round the Col de Braus circuit with a penalty of 134 marks (only four more than Allard) was even more remarkable when it is recalled that he too went off the road and lost at least 40 secs. before he was able to get his Sunbeam-Talbot back on to the road and away again.

It is, of course, the fact that Britain got first *and* second places in the Rally that makes her achievement so notable. Never before since the Rally was first held in 1911 has Britain done so well. Five places in the first six is really something to shout about, even if three of these cars—a 1½-litre Jowett Jupiter (Becquart) and two Jaguar Mark VII's (Cotton and Heurtaux)—were driven by foreign entrants.

And then we crowned our Monte Carlo triumph by lifting all the main prizes in the Concours de Confort. It was a surprise to many that the Grand Prix d'Honneur did not go to the huge cream-and-maroon "Straight Eight" Daimler driven from Lisbon by Tommy Wisdom, Lord Selsdon and Tony Hume. It was a luxurious vehicle, full of fascinating gadgetry, and we could not help remembering (although it should have nothing to do with the "comfort" competition) that the Daimler performed magnificently on those treacherous roads through the Auvergne and actually qualified for the regularity test.

But no one will quarrel with the judges in awarding the chief prize for the fourth year to Mike Couper, of St. Albans, Herts, who once again entered a most elegant and well-equipped Bentley. Mike first won the Grand Prix d'Honneur in 1948 with a Bentley. He repeated the feat in 1950 with a Rolls-Royce, but since then has relied on a Bentley. Even more remarkable, perhaps, than Mike Couper's successes are those of two Scotsmen from Newton Mearns, Renfrew, who for the fourth time have won the first prize in the class for cars between 1,100 and 1,500 cc. with a standard Hillman Minx which every year they equip with a remarkable array of gadgets, all of which are really practical.

Maurice Anderson and Roy Hastie, who have shared the driving of these Minxes, are two of the most popular British competitors in the Rally. And don't forget that in order to qualify for the Concours de Confort they have to get through to Monte Carlo within the two-hours margin allowed at any control-point. It was this Scottish Minx which Earl Howe referred to at the enjoyable banquet of the Monte Carlo Rally British Competitors' Club. He said it was one of the most fascinating things he had ever seen and embodied a number of ideas which he thought might eventually be adopted as standard fittings. He hoped the Society of Motor Manufacturers would give thought to the matter.

There could have been no more popular winner of the second prize in the 1,500 cc. class in the comfort competition than Jack Kemsley, of Petts Wood, Kent, whose co-driver was Philip Fotheringham-Parker. Jack, who always pins his faith on a Hillman Minx, is one of the most enthusiastic of rallyists. He provided the Hillman Minx van used for the interesting double purpose of taking competitors' baggage to Monte Carlo and then returning along the Rally route to Le Puy at the crucial moment to give Club members the latest weather report. This little van, driven by Jimmy Berntsen and Bill Phillips, who have themselves competed in the Rally, had some adventures up among the Alps that were every bit as exciting as those of the competitors themselves.

During the Club banquet Earl Howe threw out the suggestion that the Club's scope should be widened to embrace all the classic rallies, including the Tulip and Lisbon, and under Jack Kemsley the committee can be relied on to give this matter careful thought.

It certainly was a tough Rally this year. Exactly 150 cars retired or were disqualified through being more than two hours late, and conversation in the cafés and restaurants of Monaco revolved around stories of fantastic incidents on the icy roads of the Rally route. Through this anecdotal orgy ran a thread of genuine admiration for the way Stirling Moss handled his Sunbeam-Talbot. It was his first Monte Carlo Rally and if he had not gone off the road near the Col de Braus he would probably have won it—to shatter for all time the idea that you can't be at one and the same time a good racing driver and a successful Rally pilot.

THE NEW WEST GERMAN FORD MAKES ITS DEBUT: An admiring crowd round the Ford Taunus as, garlanded with flowers, it leaves the Ford plant at Cologne. This new 1·2-litre car has a top speed of nearly 70 m.p.h. It was shown for the first time at the Brussels Show in January and attracted much admiring attention. It bears a strong family resemblance to the Dagenham-built Consul and Zephyr, but the engine represents a development of that used in the Zephyr, b.h.p. having been increased from 30 to 38.

THE CYCLIST WITH A GADGET COMPLEX: Mr. Peter Ballon, of Cleveleys Road, London, E., bought this bicycle eighteen months ago and ever since he has been "improving" the machine. For a mere £290 the bicycle has gadgets including a miniature motor driving on the back tyre, a radio, clocks, car dials and lights, trafficators and fire extinguisher.

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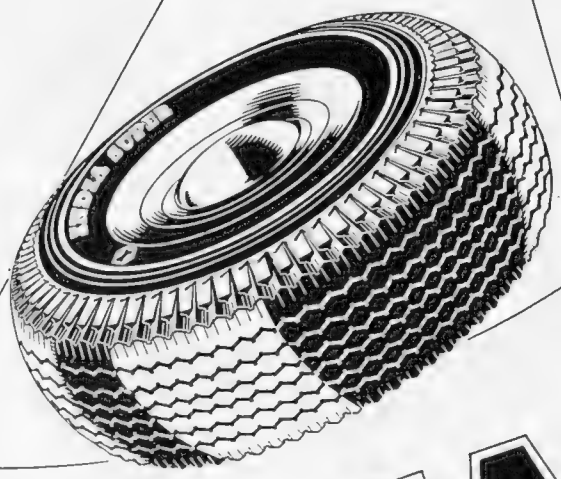

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A SPECTACULAR FAMILY IN GOTHAM

A Vivid Impression of New York Life in Nancy Hale's New Novel, "The Sign of Jonah"

PEOPLE can—and do—write novels about the American Civil War, the Californian Gold Rush, the glories of the corn belt, the rugosities of New England, the sky, stars and sagebush of the West, and the hidden dramas in little towns in each and every one of the forty-eight States. They write them, and very often they're good, and the English reader gets a fresh and true picture of another civilisation. But the focal point of interest to many of us thinking of the United States is neither the Middle West, nor the South, nor even the capital city of Washington, but New York, which is not even the capital city of its own State, but which is one of the three great cities of the world. Perhaps it is because the feeling and appearance and excitement of New York, by which in this case I mean Manhattan, are so very difficult to synthesize that few writers attempt the task, and fewer succeed. Miss Nancy Hale has now shown herself as one of that small, successful number with THE SIGN OF JONAH (Heinemann. 15s.).

Not that this is a vast piece of work in which the writer tries to tell us all about New York from the Battery to the Bronx, or from Beekman Place to the Hudson Parkway. On the contrary, it is the story of a few years in the lives of a spectacular family, but because those years are mostly spent in New York, and because the city is more than the background of their success, the reader gets almost as vivid and as honest an impression of the place as if he had been there himself. The third reason for this is, of course, that Miss Hale writes very well indeed, and that her tale of the two exquisite sisters, their mother and their brother, who hit New York like a star-shell and highlight it for considerably longer than any firework, is not just readable, but practically hypnotising.

Scott Fitzgerald wrote a magnificent novel about Hollywood once. So did Mr. Schulberg. And so did Mr. Nathanael West who, to fiction's loss, died as a young man in 1940. THE DAY OF THE LOCUST (Grey Walls Press. 9s. 6d.) was only his second novel, and it was published a few months before his death in America. Now we have it over here and should appreciate it as it deserves. First of all, it should be said that this is not a book for people who like reading movie magazines, but for people who like reading. It is tough, but intellectually and not domestically tough. And it is more realistic than thousands of photographs that I have seen.

Mr. West was obviously not one who cherished the hero and heroine formula. His three principal characters have few of the conventional virtues to recommend them, and the supporting cast, as it were, are frankly oddities: clowns, madams and dwarfs. What is important is that they all jostle their way out of the pages towards you, absolutely alive, cursing, scratching, loving, drinking, but always breathing. No small feat for a writer who has chosen a subject as artificially floodlit as Hollywood and, if I haven't made it clear already, I should add that Mr. West wrote very well.

GOOD FRIDAY'S DAUGHTER (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Francis Stuart's new novel, the scene of which is Dublin and a farm thirty miles away from the city. It is remarkably interesting, gripping, even fascinating, but I will be bold enough to say that it is far from being Mr. Stuart's best work. There is, of course, always that risk in achieving a very real reputation as a young writer: that your readers' appreciation may raise their standards and that they will expect a continual improvement, even from a fine start. This may be my own case here for I found it not so much disappointing as static after his splendid beginnings; and the ending of the story weak because of its melodrama. Suicides, unfortunately, are not unknown, but the fact is that far more people stay alive, even with dreadful problems to distress them.

I don't suppose that Mr. Compton Mackenzie really had us Sassenachs in mind when he wrote THE RIVAL MONSTER (Chatto and Windus. 11s. 6d.), which is a Scots joke if ever I read one. It is funny, though sometimes a little long in the exposition, and it is colourful, and it is fairly timely, and it follows neatly on his excellent (film) story *Whisky Galore*. All this should be, and will be, I have no doubt, counted to the author's credit, as well as the story's extreme liveliness and its splendid invention. This includes a situation in which the Loch Ness Monster is laid low by a Flying Saucer, but is soon after seen again—or is it another?—very near the islands of Great and Little Todday. More power, in any case, to the islanders' elbows, and, for many years to come, to Mr. Mackenzie's pen.

A WAND FOR DOROTHY SAYERS: The authoress of detective novels and religious plays receives her wand from the Rev. Patrick McLoughlan, following her appointment as Vicar's Warden of St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, London. Miss Sayers' chronicle play, *Christ's Emperor*, is being presented in St. Thomas's Church for a period of three weeks.

Nobody quite seems to know who Mr. B. Traven is, or what country he belongs to, and yet his novels are very widely read and, in at least two cases, with good reason. His new one, THE REBELLION OF THE HANGED (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), which struck me as even more morbid than its title, is concerned with the lives, deaths and unremitting hard times of Indian labourers in a Mexican lumber camp nearly forty years ago. If the book were not so well written the brutalities contained in it would not be so haunting or so vivid. As it is, they seem to overload the story and weigh it down with misery.

Mr. John Culshaw's novel, A PLACE OF STONE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), could have been a better novel than it is by the simple and even elementary use of a blue pencil. Not because of a lack of talent, for that the writer seems to have in some measure, but because of a certain lack of discipline, and an apparent desire to put down every detail that occurred to him, though it will not occur to the reader, as relevant, the book is diffuse. To suit its background of Madrid, its international world and its underworld, the strokes should have been more taut and spare, more uncompromisingly black against white, and that economy would have added, also, to the story's drama. For this should be an exciting story, topical, grim and worldly, and that it comes so close to it is to the credit of its young author.

THE DRINKER (Putnam 12s. 6d.) is a tragedy in more than one sense, since it was written by Hans Fallada a few years before he died, and written, moreover, in gaol in 1944 when he was imprisoned in Mecklenberg on a charge of attempted murder. He was later acquitted and released, and this manuscript, which had been written in code, was discovered and deciphered. In this edition it is translated by Charlotte and A. L. Lloyd. Essentially, the principal character of this novel is still the likeable figure of *Little Man, What Now?*, but debased and bewildered by alcohol, knowing his own degradation but unable to lift himself above it. An unhappy and even a tortured book, but not an insignificant one.

THE DEAD WON'T KNOW (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.) is a tragedy in its kind, and no less tragic for being pointless in its most violent events. M. Olivier Séchan has written a story of the French Resistance seen in retrospect from 1947 to 1944, in a district of the high Cevennes, and has focussed it on one girl and her lover, who are taken away from a small town there and shot by the local "Resistance." Three years later, when the war is over, the dead girl's sister and a young barrister try to find out exactly what happened and why. In the process they too run into danger, and their findings bring them little comfort. Well told, and excellently translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury.

ALIAS BASIL WILLING (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a new detection story by Miss Helen McCloy, and as such has all my votes. I hope that you will find it as entertaining as I did, and as vividly intelligent. Don't let yourself be put off by the fact that there is a psychiatrist or two concerned in the plot; they are intelligent too, although one of them is not exactly on the side of the angels. And there is not a single loose end about the complicated yet logical plot. In other words, if you will forgive the vernacular, it's a honey.

"I have no patience with people who are nervous If you know what you are going to do, you have no reason to be nervous." So spoke Miss Mary Garden about her first starring appearance on the stage of the Opera Comique, as Louise. It appears to be one of the chief tenets of her personal faith, as we read in her biography, by herself and Mr. Louis Biancolli. This apparently was another project about which Miss Garden wasn't nervous, for having submitted an autobiography to her publishers in America, and having been told she couldn't write, she exclaimed: "Wonderful. Let's throw it in the ocean," and settled down to what became a most successful collaboration.

MARY GARDEN'S STORY (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is also a success story, though I cannot exactly see how it is going to help other aspiring opera singers unless they have fine voices, finer figures, beautiful faces and brassbound confidence in themselves. Miss Garden knew she was going to be a sensation, and she was. She wanted to live in Paris, have a triumphal tour in America and settle in Scotland, her home country, and she did. She wanted to write a book about her career and at least she has inspired one. I don't know whether I was supposed to laugh as much as I did over this outspoken, candidly egotistical book, but I can at least say that I enjoyed it hugely, and that I think Miss Garden's method of starting at the top and staying there has a lot to recommend it.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Dr. Eustace Chesser's Record of Adult Inhumanity, Active and Passive

Accepting it as a fact that the mainspring of the human being is a vital urge whose all-embracing name is aggression, Dr. Eustace Chesser, in his important new book, CRUELTY TO CHILDREN (Victor Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), presents the record, as he knows it in his day-to-day contacts, of adult inhumanity to the youth of the nation. It is a black and pitiful record of persistent active cruelty and passive cruelty, a record of insensate beatings and the starvation of emotional needs that almost passes comprehension. Dr. Chesser declares that between six and seven children out of every 100 are at some time during their childhood so neglected, ill-treated or maladjusted as to require the help of the N.S.P.C.C., while one child in every sixteen undergoes an experience at the hands of its parents or guardians which may easily warp its whole attitude towards life. Conflicts, developing far beneath the surface of daily life, setting up whole chains of reactions, often from generation to generation, provide the key to this madness, and these conflicts, of course, belong essentially to broken homes, and in a much lesser degree to homes where poverty predominates. Dr. Chesser bases his conclusions on 200 individual cases of cruelty he has himself investigated. He urges, however, that cruelty to children is only one of many repugnant abnormalities in our civilisation and that if we try to eliminate this and this only, without regard to the public as well as the personal background against which such acts take place, we shall never reach the root of the problem which he likens in some measure to drug addiction, sexual deviations, the return of superstition, excessive smoking, drinking and gambling, the symptoms of a deep-seated disorder in our civilisation. Finally, Dr. Chesser makes a strong plea for a children's charter, implemented by a Government Department; above all, he asserts, "We need a new education to build up the inner strength of the individual; and a new social concept to relieve the outer stresses which bear so heavily upon our people's submerged tenth." He presents his case unsensationally and factually, despite the deep sensationalism of his subject, threading his way amid a mass of statistics and records to show just one aspect of suffering and warped humanity in these not so civilised days.

Three important books for the art lover command special attention this week. First and foremost comes Margaret H. Bulley's ART AND EVERYMAN: A BASIS FOR APPRECIATION (Batsford. Volume I, £2 5s.). This is a general introduction to the study of art of all types, ages, and countries, a veritable storehouse of information and illustration. Volume II is to follow early in April and the price of the complete work will be £4 4s. In the first volume Miss Bulley helps us to distinguish the most common of the many different standpoints from which a work of art may be approached, and subsequent chapters dwell on the enlightened and unenlightened use of the universal elements of design, line, mass, space, light and shade, and colour. *Art and Everyman*, it is emphasized, makes no attempt to thrust a theory of art upon the reader. In much the same educational vein, but more limited in theme, is Hermann Ranke's MASTERPIECES OF EGYPTIAN ART (George Allen and Unwin. 25s.). Mr. Ranke, an Egyptologist of international reputation, has made a selection of essential works covering the 3,000-year period of the Nile Valley's artistic greatness; no enviable task this, but seemingly achieved with discretion and distinction. Finally, there are the PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY LESLIE HURRY (Grey Walls Press. 18s.), a volume bringing together some of the more important work of an artist who has made a considerable impact upon the modern theatre.

Herman Melville, whose writings were so numerous and of such varying merit, ranging from the vigour and originality of his seafaring tales to other stories that were turgid, eccentric and opinionative, and whose verse, patriotic and other, is forgotten, will always be remembered best for his story, *Moby Dick*, or "The Whale," which was published just over 100 years ago. Now MOBY DICK is reprinted as No. 21 of the Macdonald Classics (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.). James Hanley writes the introduction. "*Moby Dick* is like a great wave out of the sea," he says. "It is a unique book without an ancestor and without a son, marked down among the few and solitary great books of the world."

Kenneth M. Grover and Thomas Wiswell have collaborated in a useful and inexpensive new volume on CHESS (Alvin Redman. 5s.). It is intended both for the beginner, enabling him to understand and play chess, and for the more advanced player wishing to improve his game.

The name MacArthur is apt to conjure up an impressive figure bestriding the world with a well-developed self-assurance. Mr. Wilson MacArthur may lack the massive physical proportions of America's five-star General, but he certainly bestrides the world, and in AUTO NOMAD THROUGH AFRICA (Cassell. 25s.), he describes the latest of his journeyings, this time making the road journey from Cairo to Natal, 4,000 miles by car from the banks of the Nile, through the Sudan, Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias, to the Union of South Africa. It is a well-told, often exciting tale, and is adorned with some really excellent photographs.

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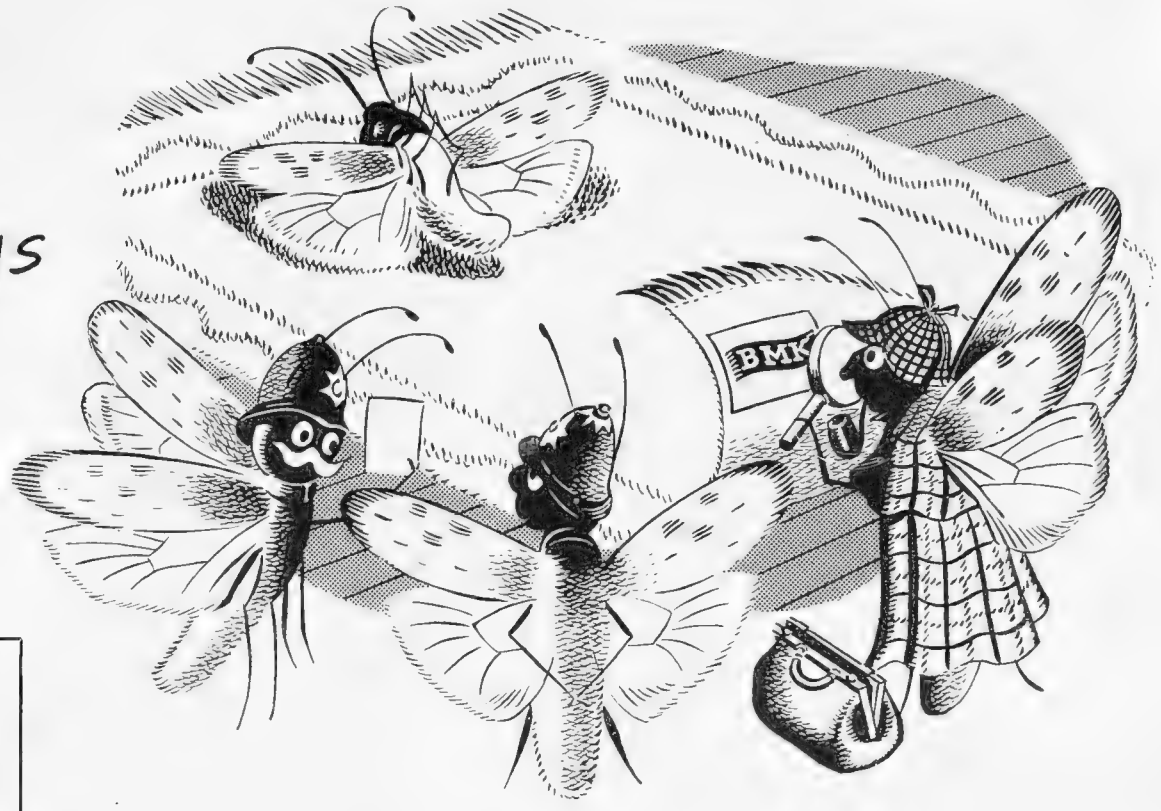

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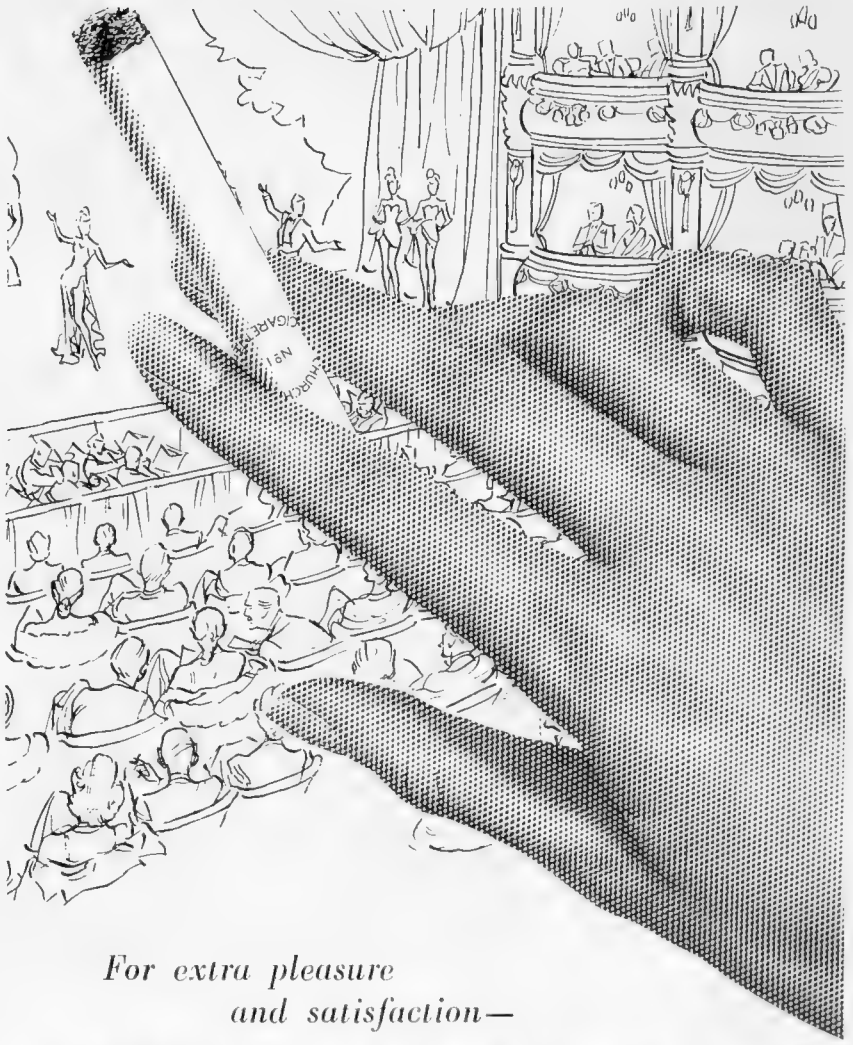

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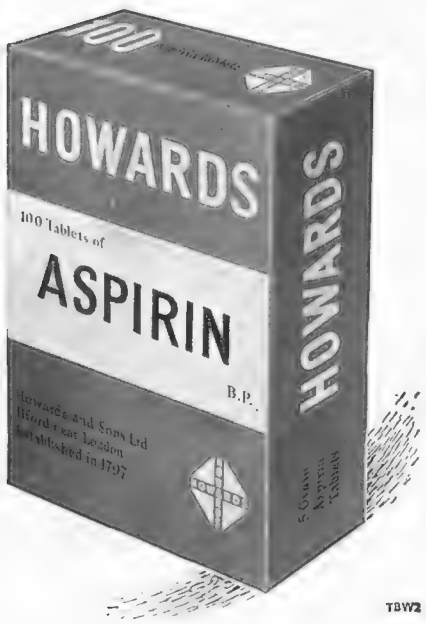

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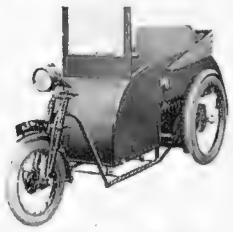

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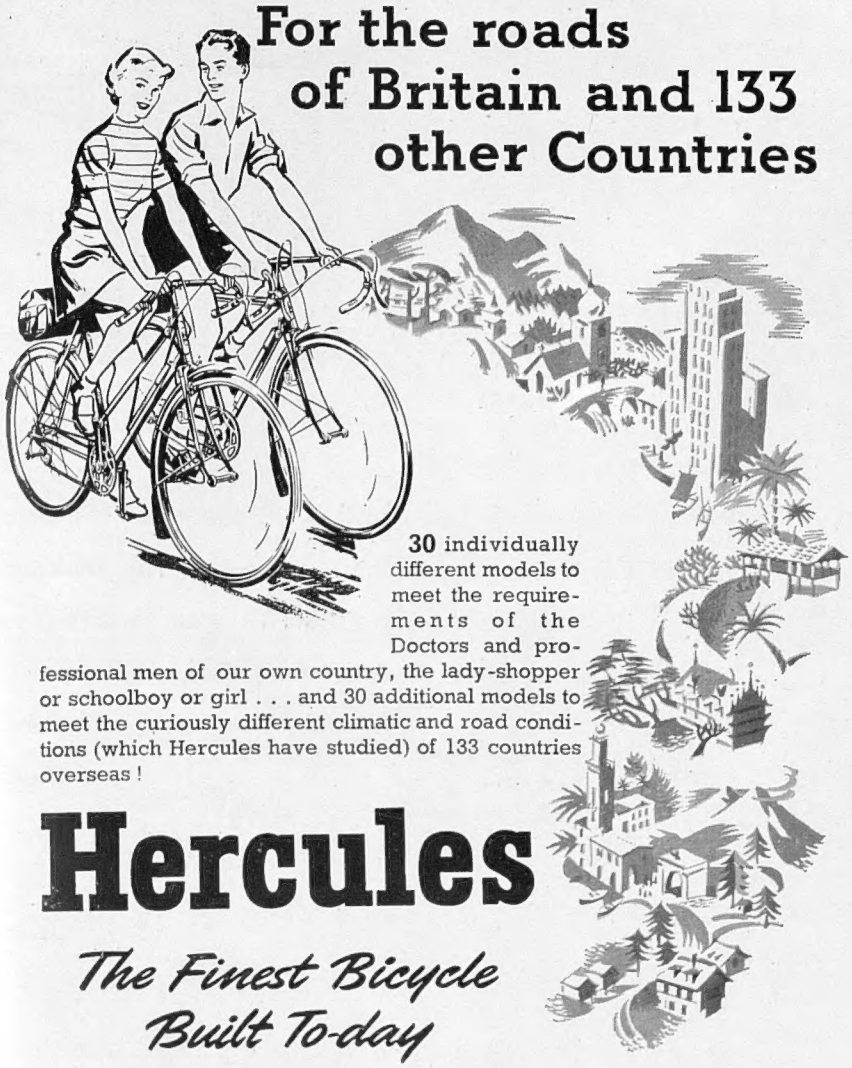

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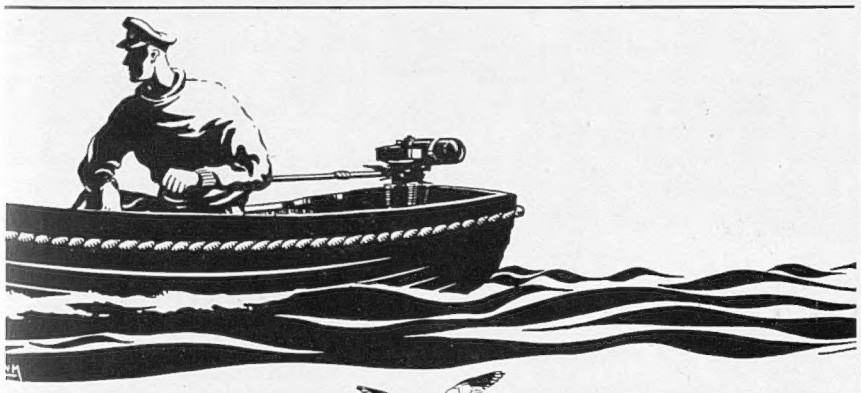

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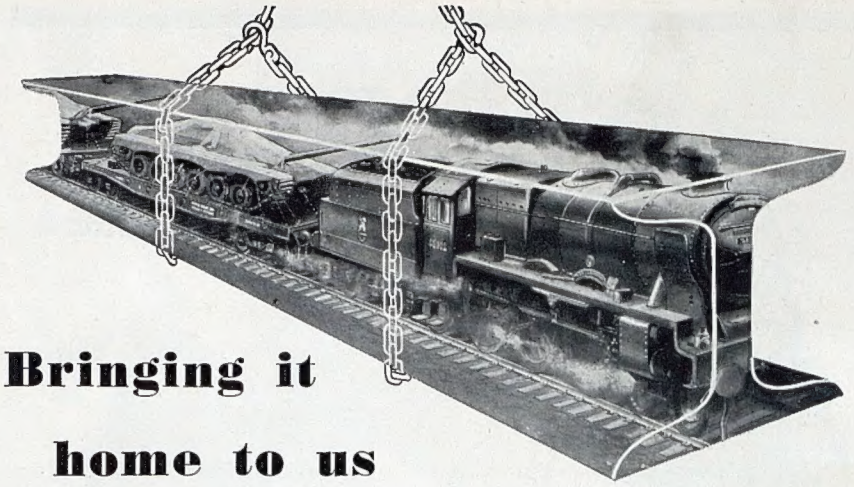

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Schweppshire Post

VOL. CICLXVIII No. 96 CIRENSCHWEPSTER, 1952. SCHWEPPENCE

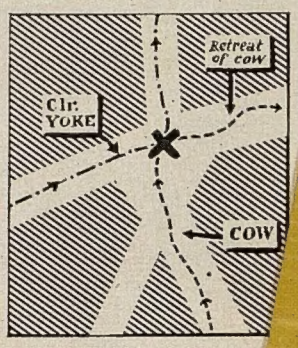
COUNCILLOR COLLIDES WITH COW

ESCAPES WITH SLIGHT ABRASIONS

Schwepton Mallet, Tuesday

A small automobile was the focus of what might have been an unpleasant event for Schweppshire this morning. Pedestrians were taken unaware when Councillor Alfred Yoke, turning past Galway Mansions, found himself face to face with an unguarded Shorthorn, which, but for Yoke's presence of mind, might have received serious injury.

Councillor Yoke (left). Cow (right)



POST has long campaigned for one way traffic in Waterworks Lane. Here, if further proof were needed, is further proof that yet another POST campaign should not be allowed to join the realm of lost causes.

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Telephonic communication puts POST within immediate reach of Schweppshire's farthest corners. A delivery van, on which we have first claims, *(TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)*

The Offices of POST (arrow). Visible in the picture:

1 *Home and Colonial Editor*
2 *City and Fashion Editor*
3 *Agricultural and Art Editor*
4 *Schweppshire Lad (Sport and Public Relations)*

Powers sign treaty

"A TURNING POINT" *SAYS ENVOY*

SCHWEPPSHIRE FIRM SUPPLIED BLOTTER

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The more than international interest aroused by the Guide to Schweppshire demands a response. We hope, during 1952, to be able to reprint pages from our daily organ,

THE SCHWEPPSHIRE POST,

thus vividly pin-pointing, uniquely,

SCHWEPPSHIRE'S LIFE TO-DAY

. . . for ye that fare further, longer is the way . . .

WEATHER FORECAST. GENERAL: *Dull intervals.* NORTH: *Dull all day.* SOUTH: *Intensely dull.* MIDDLE: *Schweppitome of dullness.*

STREETCAR KIDNAPPED in Hove, Pa.

SCHWEPPSHIRE VISITOR got off in time

J. Johns, our local apothecary, nearly had first-hand experience of gang warfare, when *(Turn to p. 2, col. 1)*

World Premiere

NEW FILM ACCLAIMED

Schweppshire Man in charge of Buffet

I chanced on "Bandy" Rombold of Aden Gardens dealing out drinks smartly to a *(TURN TO P. 4, COL. 6)*

Written by Stephen Potter • Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.